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The Shape of Things

SINCE THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT IS READY TO make room for King Emmanuel and Marshal Badoglio under the capacious umbrella of the United Front, there are, apparently, no major differences regarding Italy between America, Britain, and Russia. It is remarkable, therefore, how tangled the situation has been allowed to become. The Mediterranean Advisory Commission has completely failed to function as a clearing house for the views of the governments represented on it. This fact first became evident when Moscow announced its intention of exchanging diplomatic missions with the Badoglio regime. The American and British governments, although on terms of patronizing intimacy with Badoglio, took umbrage at this move and pointedly noted the lack of prior consultation. Eventually *Izvestia*, the official organ of the Kremlin, explained that the proposed exchange of representatives was merely an attempt to establish direct contact with the *de facto* Italian government, akin to that enjoyed by the western Allies. But having cleared up this misunderstanding, it went on to protest that Soviet views on the urgent necessity of broadening the Italian government had been ignored. It appears that, on this question also, not only had the Mediterranean Commission proved a broken reed but the normal means of diplomatic communication had broken down. Meanwhile an Italian Communist leader, Palmiero Togliatti, has arrived in Naples direct from Moscow where he spent eighteen years in exile. This one-time secretary of the Comintern has announced a new line including acceptance of the King "as an institution" until after the war and retention of the Badoglio government with a democratic leaven. This ought to please everybody except, perhaps, the Italian democrats.

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ALLIED FAILURE TO TAKE CASSINO AND THE stalemate at the Anzio beachhead have caused widespread questioning of both the strategy and tactics employed in Italy. Admittedly the campaign has proved disappointing, but allowance must be made for the effect of changes in over-all strategy made at Teheran necessitating a regrouping of forces. Again, some critics give insufficient weight to the solid gains achieved by the conquest of southern Italy. On the political side, it is true, those gains have been largely dissipated by our persistent

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snubbing of the democratic elements. But from the military angle there are two definite advantages to be noted —the tying down of a considerable number of German divisions and the unimpeded use of the great Foggia airfields, from which the whole southern arc of the Nazi fortress from Marseilles to Sofia can be brought under attack. So far the full strategic possibilities of Foggia have not been realized owing to the prolonged period of abnormally bad weather from which the Allied air forces have suffered. But with the coming of spring the striking power of this base is likely to be amply demonstrated. Bad weather has been an even more severe handicap to the Allied ground forces, particularly by depriving them of tactical air support. For instance, the German defenders of Cassino and the Gustav Line depend for their supplies on three railroads leading from northern Italy. If the bottlenecks on these lines could be bombed day after day over a period of weeks the German army in and below Rome would be seriously weakened. Up to now, however, frequent breaks in the weather have always given the Germans time to patch up the lines between raids.

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MR. CHURCHILL SUCCESSFULLY SQUELCHED last week's revolt in the House of Commons, but the rebellious spirit remains. Indeed, it has been intensified by the heavy-handed methods used by the Prime Minister, and there will probably be further outbreaks against the authority of the government, especially when the promised social-security bill is introduced to Parliament. There is this to be said for Mr. Churchill: he had always been anxious to postpone all consideration of post-war problems until after victory, for he was aware that any discussion of such controversial matters would inevitably subject a coalition administration to tremendous strains. Unfortunately the problems of peace cannot all be shelved until after victory. Mr. Churchill, in spite of himself, has been forced to produce a program of reconstruction, and the pattern of post-war Britain is now being woven. But while almost everybody in Britain accepts and applauds Mr. Churchill's war leadership, millions, perhaps a majority, regard the most radical measures he can induce the bulk of his Tory followers to accept as quite inadequate. Now the Prime Minister has told them: either you swallow my post-war plans or find another leader. With a most critical period just ahead there could be only one reply to this ultimatum. On a vote of confidence Mr. Churchill obtained a majority amply large enough to demonstrate that, on a showdown, he can still call the Commons to heel. But the incident has created resentments which will probably be reflected in future by-elections. It will also increase the pressure on the left for a termination of the party truce, making it possible to develop and preach distinctive labor policies.

THE OFFICIAL DEADLINE FOR IMMIGRATION into Palestine under the White Paper passed at midnight on March 31, leaving both British and American policy toward the Jewish homeland in a state of complete confusion. Beyond making provision for Jewish immigration to continue until the original quota of 75,000 has been filled, the British government has shown no indication of modifying its policy as laid down in the White Paper. No provision has been made, and no plans appear to be under way, for resettling the hundreds of thousands of Jews who may be freed this year as the United Nations armies march into Axis-dominated Europe. American policy is as obscure as the British. The clarity seemingly achieved by President Roosevelt's forthright statement that "the American government has never given its approval of the "White Paper of 1939" has been largely obliterated by his subsequent support of General Marshall's contention that the issue should not be pressed now for military reasons. While the President unquestionably has great personal sympathy with the plight of the Jewish refugees, his reluctance to take a definite position at this time adds to the general confusion. The President and the State Department appear to have forgotten that both Britain and the United States are committed under the 1925 agreement against excluding anyone from Palestine on grounds of religious belief, and that Britain undertook not to alter the mandate's terms without our consent.

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THE DEMOCRATIC VICTORY IN OKLAHOMA'S special Congressional election appears to have been somewhat more significant than its summary treatment in the press would suggest. While the Second Congressional District of Oklahoma has gone Republican only once in the last twenty-five years, the Democratic margin of victory was only 385 in 1942. This year the same Republican candidate lost by a margin of more than 3,500 votes. Of the many by-elections held in recent months, the Oklahoma poll appears to have come closest to being a test of popular sentiment with respect to the Presidential election. All reports indicate that few if any local issues were raised in the campaign. Both the candidates were lawyers, and both were from the same town. The Republican candidate chose to make the New Deal the chief issue, a challenge that was readily accepted by the Democratic candidate. Both parties brought in from outside the district prominent speakers who emphasized national issues. Under the circumstances the Democratic triumph can only be construed as a victory for the principles of the New Deal. While the Republican leaders have chosen to remain silent on the significance of the poll there are strong indications that it may precipitate a complete shift in Republican strategy. Criticism of the Administration's blunders in domestic affairs

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may be silenced in favor of an attack on its foreign policy—which is much more vulnerable.

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A MILLIONAIRES' LOBBY IS QUIETLY BUT successfully peddling to state legislatures a constitutional amendment designed to give upper-bracket taxpayers permanent relief from bearing their due share of national taxes. Already some fifteen states have adopted a resolution asking Congress to summon a convention for the purpose of repealing the Sixteenth Amendment, which gave the federal government power to levy progressive income taxes. In its place the resolution calls for a constitutional provision limiting income and inheritance tax rates to a maximum of 25 per cent save in a national emergency. This resolution was introduced in the New York Assembly in February and was narrowly defeated; now it is before the New Jersey Legislature. Among its advocates one finds the New York *Daily Mirror*—the limitation would be a godsend to the Hearst family—which declares: "There is no conceivable crisis in time of peace which would require taxing more than 25 per cent of the people's income." This is a choice example of the misleading propaganda being used to foster the new amendment, which is concerned with limiting not the proportion of the national income taken in taxes but the amount taken from any one person's income. If the amendment were passed, a Henry Ford, who on an income of $1,000,000 must now pay upward of $800,000, would be charged at most $250,000. And with the contribution of the Henry Fords limited, it would be necessary to jack up that of the John Does, who would hardly be consoled by a constitutional limitation of the tax on $1,000 per year to $250. It is not surprising to find that the Committee for Constitutional Government, headed by Frank Gannett, the millionaire publisher, is the organization trying to slip over this measure while popular attention is fixed on the fighting fronts.

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THE NATION VIEWS WITH ALARM THE attack made by Maury Maverick, chairman of the Smaller War Plants Corporation, on lengthy memoranda and what he calls "gobbledegook language." His dictum to his subordinates that "anyone using the words 'activation' or 'implementation' will be shot" constitutes a grave threat to the "experts" who have built up whole vocabularies, not to mention blinding reputations, out of the multisyllabic, abracadabric words that Mr. Maverick condemns. He doesn't like "patterns," "effectuating," "dynamics." He doesn't want to hear any more about "pointing up" programs and "finalizing" contracts that "stem from" district, regional, or Washington "levels." But what would bureaucrats, Supreme Court fanciers, and pedagogues—to mention only a few of the Larger Word Plants Corporation—do without such expressions? Mr. Maverick's irresponsible attack on our precious heritage of clichés must be deplored by everyone who believes in progressive obfuscation. He had better get back on the range or he will find himself in an "area of conflict" where the "social climate" will be too hot even for a Texan.

Protective Concealment

TWO recent incidents make it easy to understand the widespread distrust of the State Department. One involves Governor Dewey's charge that the department had asked the British censor to suppress political news sent to American newspapers by American correspondents in London. The other concerns oil shipments to Spain. Both illustrate the disingenuous, if not downright dishonest, manner in which the State Department is accustomed to deal with the press and the public.

Secretary Hull answered the Dewey charge by saying that he was "100 per cent wrong," and Majority Leader McCormack, on the basis of information obtained from the Secretary, told the House of Representatives that "as between Secretary Hull with his years of experience and his truthfulness, and the inexperienced and keenly ambitious Governor Dewey, the American people will accept the word of Secretary Hull." But Representative McCormack spoke too soon. For that same day the London Bureau of the New York *Times,* which has always been one of Mr. Hull's champions, reported "repeated instances" of objections from Washington to stories by American correspondents about diplomatic developments passed by the British censors.

"Complaints to the Foreign Office regarding what was held in Washington to be too frank a discussion in the American press of diplomatic news became so numerous at one time," the New York *Times* reported, "that Cyril Radcliffe, deputy director of the Ministry of Information, asked the Foreign Office to relieve the ministry of responsibility for censoring diplomatic news." When correspondents took this up with the Secretary the next day, they were told (1) that censorship had only been asked for reasons of military security or to protect high officials while traveling, (2) that there was "confusion between the censorship of news in the possession of the press and the avoidance of premature disclosure to the press of confidential information," (3) that there had been only four protests to London on news leaks, but (4) that Ambassador Winant might have taken up others in informal discussions. In the light of these admissions, it is hard to accept Secretary Hull's insistence that his position on censorship is "unequivocal and clear." It is true that diplomacy cannot be carried on in a goldfish bowl, but there would be more respect for the Secretary if he said so frankly instead of making statements that will not bear scrutiny.

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We believe that much of the State Department's secrecy is not justifiable but represents the protective measures required in carrying out an undemocratic and unpopular foreign policy. Oil shipments to Spain provide a clear case. On January 28 the department announced that "the loading of Spanish ships with petroleum products for Spain [had] been suspended pending a reconsideration of trade and general relations between Spain and the United States." The statement evoked approval and was regarded as an indication that we were to stop appeasing Franco. It was explained at the time that in any case Franco had not been receiving oil from the United States but only from Venezuela and other Caribbean sources.

But on March 4 the Philadelphia *Record* revealed that a quarter-million gallons of high-grade lubricating oil had been loaded for Spain at an East Coast port. Censorship wouldn't permit the *Record* to say it was Philadelphia, perhaps on the theory that German submarines might sink oil shipments for Franco. This brought another flood of unwilling confessions: (1) that the previous statement applied only to bulk shipments in tankers, but that Spain had been getting "packaged" petroleum in barrels, cans, and kegs from the United States before February 1, (2) that the State Department had decided (but curiously enough has not announced it) to apply the February 1 embargo to "packaged goods" as well as bulk shipments, but (3) that this did not apply to export licenses already outstanding at the time. These explanations do not accord too well with the statement of January 28 that oil shipments to Spain had been "suspended." The State Department and Noah Webster do not seem to use words the same way. When the Chief Information Officer of the department was asked how many export licenses were outstanding, he said he didn't think there were any but he wasn't sure. We're not sure either—about that, or anything else the department tells us.

Drafting 4-F's

IN A dramatic reversal of policy, the House Military Affairs Committee has started work on a bill to draft men discharged from the services, 4-F's, and possibly those in the over-age group for essential civilian work. Heretofore the Military Affairs Committee has steadfastly opposed all suggestions for using compulsion in meeting the civilian man-power problem. It was largely responsible for the setting aside, last fall, of the War Manpower Commission's plan for diverting men from non-essential work into war industry through the establishment of "non-deferrable" categories. But as the pressure for men in the armed services has increased, necessitating the drafting of hundreds of thousands of essential men in the war industries, the Army and Navy departments have apparently been successful in persuading the House committee of the necessity of at least a modified civilian draft.

Under the plan proposed by Under Secretary Patterson, 4-F's will first be given an opportunity to take jobs in essential industry or agriculture at regular wage rates. Those who refuse to accept the jobs offered them will be inducted into the army and placed in labor battalions at army pay. The essential justice of the proposal can hardly be challenged. It should eliminate the glaring unfairness of the present arrangement, under which young men with minor physical defects are not only freed of the obligation of bearing arms but are permitted to snatch choice jobs in promising lines of post-war endeavor, or, in a few startling instances, to earn huge salaries in such non-essential activities as professional baseball and football.

It should be recognized, however, that the plan is a poor substitute, morally or practically, for national-service legislation such as has been advocated by the President. In testifying before the Military Affairs Committee both Mr. Stimson and Mr. Patterson, speaking for the War Department, made it clear that they preferred a universal man-power draft. While the conscripting of 4-F's for civilian service is fair in that it provides equality of treatment within the eighteen-to-thirty-seven age-group, its unequal treatment of different age-groups and the two sexes is neither just nor logical. It is difficult to see why the obligation to support the war effort should be limited to males between the ages of eighteen and thirty-seven when other adults are under no compulsion whatever.

The omission of women from the proposed conscription plan is particularly illogical. Although millions of women have gone into war industries in the past few years, other millions are making no direct contribution to the war effort. These women constitute the greatest reservoir of potential war workers. There is no need to call on mothers with small children, on young girls or grandmothers; huge numbers of single girls and childless married women are still available. The women's branches of the armed services have found it impossible, however, to fill their requirements by appeals for voluntary enlistments. Many of the jobs in war industry that are being vacated as a result of Selective Service demands could readily be filled by women if there were adequate machinery for drawing them in. After more than two years of experimentation with "voluntary" measures, it is evident that the available sources of labor cannot be fully utilized without some form of conscription. While it is encouraging to find that Congress has at last awakened to the seriousness of the man-power situation, the proposed remedy has all the faults of the hasty improvisation that it is.

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American Labor Pains

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

ONE of the first engagements of the coming Presidential campaign has been fought and decided in New York. By a large majority the left wing of the American Labor Party in that state has captured the party organization; the right wing has withdrawn and as we go to press is deciding whether or not to start a party of its own. The issue dividing the two groups was not on the surface a campaign issue at all; both lefts and rights are pledged to fight for the reelection of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wallace. The issue was the control of the party by Communists and near-Communists. The retreating right wing charges that the victory of the left has established such control; the left denies it.

The struggle is an old one, but a new element was injected by the intervention of the C. I. O. Political Action Committee headed by Sidney Hillman. Mr. Hillman's willingness to cooperate with left elements infuriated the right wingers, who were waging a losing battle without this added handicap. They claimed that ever since the Communist Party had been forced off the state ballot, party members had been "colonizing" in the A. L. P.; with the coming dissolution of the Communist Party its members intended to take over the A. L. P., converting it to their own uses. To prevent this the right wing insisted it must control the party machine. Right-wing leaders attacked Hillman's alliance with the left as a repudiation of his own past convictions and his own policy in dealing with similar elements in the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

Hillman countered with the argument that the C. I. O. Political Action Committee could hardly be expected to rule C. I. O. unions out of the race even if some of them were run by men charged with Communist sympathies. He denied, however, that the election of the left-wing slate would increase the power of the Communists; on the contrary he insisted that the A. L. P. stood a better chance of avoiding out-and-out Communist control by accepting the cooperation of the Political Action Committee and the unions which supported it. He based his campaign on a strong appeal for united labor and progressive action in behalf of the New Deal and Mr. Roosevelt's reelection. But unity was not furthered by Mr. Hillman's efforts. The fight was a bitter one; long-standing factional lesions were widened, personal rivalries accentuated. The major split in the ranks of labor was more sharply defined.

The Nation has believed from the beginning that Hillman should have kept the Political Action Committee out of this struggle for power in the American Labor Party. His arguments for intervention were strong in logic but weak in political and human terms. He knew how deeply rooted were the fear and hatred of communism which animate the right wing. These emotions are too strong to be debated. Hillman and his chief lieutenants wanted to make peace; they did not want victory followed by schism. They understood the political penalties attached to that kind of victory. But their attempts at appeasement were doomed to fail. The right would accept nothing less than total rejection of the Communist-controlled candidates; and this Hillman could not concede without repudiating some of his own C. I. O. unions. The intransigence of the right gave Hillman the appearance of magnanimity, but it robbed him of the satisfaction that unity would have brought. He might better have stayed out of the fight and then, after the primaries, cooperated with the A. L. P. whoever won.

By his intervention he has involved the C. I. O. Political Action Committee, before the major campaign has even opened, in a second-front engagement that should have been avoided. The fight in New York has provided a handy supply of ammunition for reactionaries—from Mr. Dies up—looking for fresh "proof" that communism and the New Deal are synonymous and that the C. I. O., a New Deal creation, is only a branch of the Communist Party. This proposition will be worked for all it is worth, and much more. One cannot wholly dismiss its possible effect in limiting the value of the Political Action Committee as a campaign weapon; neither should one exaggerate the danger. The attempt made by Dies to prove that the committee itself is controlled by Communists is nothing more than a dirty sideswipe at the Roosevelt Administration. It will, I think, be widely recognized as such. And the general disgust with Dies's smearing tactics, spreading now in many hitherto unaffected areas, should help counteract his libelous and lying attack.

I hope it will. Nothing would be more unfortunate than a weakening of the Political Action Committee at the outset of its difficult career. If its role in New York was an error of judgment, the effect of that error should be neutralized as rapidly as possible. To do this is the job of everyone who recognizes the need of building up progressive strength in the coming campaign. It is particularly the job of Mr. Hillman's recent opponents. No one knows better than the former right wing of the A. L. P. how essential it is to have an organization outside the regular party machine devoted to the task of rallying labor and liberal support behind a program of progressive action. The C. I. O. committee is the only available instrument of progressive action organized on a nation-wide basis. It is launching its campaign under heavy handicaps. Whether or not it develops into a good fighting battalion will depend in part on the attitude of certain key people in New York.

It would perhaps be asking too much of Mr. Dubinsky and Mr. Rose and Mr. Alfange to suggest that they offer

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their backing to the Political Action Committee outside of New York. It is not asking too much to suggest that they refrain from injuring its chances. To go on talking day after day about the "Hillman-Browder alliance" is to play directly into the hands of Martin Dies and his cohorts throughout the country. The primaries are over, and the right has lost. A great national campaign is opening, a campaign which will decide the control of this country for the rest of the war and the period of reconstruction. To try to defeat reaction in the coming election is the only legitimate concern of progressive men and women. Communism is not an issue; reaction is *the* issue. We hope most earnestly that the right-wing leaders in New York will be able to rise above their disappointment and bitterness and steadfastly avoid any act which will strengthen the enemies of the people.

Reply to the "Saturday Evening Post"

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, March 30

I SEEM to have alarmed the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post*. They shy at a remark made by your correspondent in an article on The Cartel Cancer in *The Nation* of February 12. The *Saturday Evening Post* for April 1 carries an editorial, Soldiers' Doubts Reflect Our Wobbling War Aims, and in it the editors say:

> The confused American, who regards himself as a defender of "free enterprise," also finds a considerable propaganda not merely for destroying the military power of Germany but for using destruction of her military power as a pretext for destroying her industrial system as such. At any rate, I. F. Stone, writing on cartels for *The Nation*, hints dire consequences "if we restore the cartel system *and a capitalist Reich*." [The italics are the *Post's*.] In other words, we are supposed by a considerable group of Americans to be fighting to destroy in Germany the kind of economic setup we defend in America.

I have little quarrel with the *Saturday Evening Post's* editorial. It has much to say on the problem of war aims that is sober and sensible. I think most Americans will agree with its general conclusion. "The justice imposed by war," the *Post* says, "is rough at best, and this war will be no exception. . . . The purpose and spirit of an American army fighting on foreign soil will be most easily maintained if the issues are stated as simply as possible. Hitler and Tojo must be defeated because their success would mean our ruin." But I think most soldiers would agree that a further step would be helpful in maintaining morale. There are men fighting Germany today whose fathers fought Germany in the First World War. I think these men would like some assurance that their sons will not have to fight Germany in a third war.

The *Saturday Evening Post's* attitude to the future of Germany rests on fallacious assumptions. These call for the most careful examination if we are not to drift into the reestablishment of pretty much the same kind of Germany we have had to fight twice in a generation.

Let us begin with the final sentence of the passage I quoted at the beginning of this letter. "In other words," the *Post* says, "we are supposed by a considerable group of Americans to be fighting to destroy in Germany the kind of economic setup we defend in America." This may at first glance appear conclusive and crushing, but it is really irrelevant. We may not be fighting to destroy capitalism in Germany, but we are certainly not fighting to maintain it. We are fighting to destroy the German threat to ourselves. And in making the peace we shall be concerned with only one thing— helping to bring to birth a Germany we shall not have to fight again.

I think the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post* would agree that we encouraged the reestablishment of capitalism in Germany after the last war. I think they would agree that if capitalism had been successful in Germany, the republic would not have fallen and Hitler would not have come to power. I think they would agree that if Hitler had not come to power, there would probably be no war in Europe today. Now the question is: After Hitler is defeated, are we to restore capitalism in Germany and run the risk of letting much the same sequence of events repeat itself? I think this is a reasonable question.

Now let us look at the first sentence of the passage I have quoted from the *Saturday Evening Post*. It links "free enterprise" in the mind of the reader with the German "industrial system." We are still fortunate enough to have large areas of free enterprise in American capitalism, but "free enterprise" was never even the ideal of German capitalism. There wasn't much free enterprise in Germany before Hitler, and there is a good deal less of it today. This is not because of National Socialism. The Führer no more meant to make the Reich national socialist, in the literal meaning of the term, than Huey Long intended to make every American a king. There is less free enterprise because, with democratic checks removed, the great trusts, combines, and cartels of the Reich have waxed stronger, gobbling up

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and strong-arming smaller businesses and independent enterprise. With a few unlucky exceptions like Thyssen, who lost out to shrewder rivals, the magnates who backed Hitler profited enormously by Nazism. Hitler's defeat will not deprive them of their dominant position in Germany's economy. The great capitalists of the Reich helped the Führer to power, benefited by his regime, and share in his guilt. Do the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post* propose to let them get away with their gains?

I am sure that the editors of the *Post* feel as hostile to those silent partners of Hitlerism as the rest of us do. But if we unthinkingly identify German monopoly capitalism with "free enterprise" and permit it to operate after Hitler has been defeated, we leave these men with their loot. They are counting on conventional thinking to help them do two things. One is through litigation and dummy corporations in neutral countries to salvage much of the property they stole in occupied Europe. The other is to retain their dominant position in the German economy. They look to our respect for property rights to help them in the first task and to our fear of communism to help them in the second. They have strong potential allies in America and Britain—first, among the corporations which own property in the Reich and, second, among German industry's opposite numbers in international cartel agreements. These cartel partners stand to benefit by the enhanced monopoly power of their old German associates, and may be expected to stand by them. One of the proposals already put forward here by a distinguished corporation lawyer is that American concerns be made "trustees" for the property of their cartel partners in the Reich. This would have an obvious advantage in protecting them from socialization.

This is not merely a moral problem. It is a problem in international security. These big German interests were unable to end unemployment in the Reich without dictatorship and war. There is no reason to believe that they can do better a second time. Peace will create difficulties for them; war would offer new profits and a new chance at world dominion. We know what they did to hamstring American production by cartel agreements before this war, and it would be folly to give them a chance to do it again. They are our enemies, as deeply and as permanently as the German military. Shall we leave them in power? Or shall we give the pent-up anger of the Reich's gagged working class a chance to sweep them away? And by nationalizing the great combines, and giving the small business man and farmer a chance at free enterprise in a mixed economic system, establish a Reich that can achieve prosperity without plundering its neighbors? I ask the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post* which course offers the better chance that our sons will not have to fight Germany again.

75 Years Ago in "The Nation"

IT IS POSITIVELY ASSERTED in Paris, and in the best-informed quarters is believed, that a treaty has been concluded between France and Austria, and—though this less confidently—that Italy is included in this agreement; and that the object of the alliance is the humiliation or diminution of Prussia; Italy's reward to be, of course, Rome; that of France, the left bank of the Rhine; and that of Austria, any of the hundred possibilities which present themselves in Eastern Europe.—*April 15, 1869.*

THE ACCESSION OF BRITISH AMERICA [Canada] to the United States would mean not only the addition of a vast extent of fertile soil but of several millions of a hardy and industrious population, of the same origin as our own, speaking the same language, and already used to self-government. . . . But to make the annexation a gain to Canadians, their consent to it should be asked, and given; and to make it, as is proposed, a healer of the breach between this country and England, England should make it fairly and voluntarily, and not under compulsion.—*April 15, 1869.*

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI HAS FINISHED the fifth and last part of his great novel "War and Peace," and it will be published in a few days. This includes the occupation and fire of Moscow and the Vienna Congress.—*April 1, 1869.*

IT MUST BE ADMITTED that the difficulty of getting at the truth about foreign politics is not trifling. The leading London papers take, in ordinary times, considerable pains to get good information, but then the mere labor of reading all, or half, that the newspapers or travelers say about foreign countries in our day, or reading the diplomatic reports or dispatches, is something from which most people shrink. It would probably be found on examination that ninety-nine men out of a hundred, both in England and America, rely on the telegraph now for all they learn of what is going on abroad.—*April 15, 1869.*

THE FREE-TRADERS HAVE BEGUN to be very active, and are holding meetings in various parts of the country, and are apparently drawing some of the veterans of the anti-slavery struggle into the agitation. Henry Ward Beecher has presided at a meeting in Brooklyn, and William Lloyd Garrison has spoken at one in Boston; upon which the *Tribune* suggests that the old abolitionists, having been in favor of "abolishing everything from Christianity down," cannot be expected to have any respect for the tariff—an argument on the "religion" and logic of which it is hardly necessary to dwell.—*April 29, 1869.*

PERSIAN HEALING OR PINE-TAR SOAP. It cures Pimples, Chapped Hands, Salt Rheum, Frosted Feet, Burns, Bruises, Fresh Cuts, all Diseases of the SCALP and SKIN, and is a good shaving soap. "I have used your Persian Healing Soap in my practice extensively, and it has proved the best healing soap I ever used. It has no equal for washing the heads and skin of children." L. P. Aldrich, M. D. (ADVT.)—*April 8, 1869.*

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Willkie Against the Gods

BY WILLARD SHELTON

Milwaukee, Wis., March 29

ON THE eve of the Wisconsin primaries, which will be decided before this appears in type, few experienced observers here will venture a flat prediction regarding the fate of Wendell L. Willkie. Yet it is clear that his campaign has made an impact, and it is important to understand—whether he wins or loses—the extraordinary experiment he has attempted in the heart of the so-called isolationist Middle West.

The practical politicians would have said, in advance, that for Willkie to stake his hopes on Wisconsin was quixotic, perverse, and a mug's game. The La Follette isolationist tradition lingers, and Philip La Follette's position on General MacArthur's staff is reflected in the pro-MacArthur sentiments of the weekly *Progressive*. Governor Dewey won the Republican delegation four years ago, and his name is entered again, with the powerful support of Secretary of State Fred Zimmerman. The state's population is heavily Germanic in origin. The Chicago *Tribune* circulates widely. The anti-isolationist sentiment is split between Willkie himself and former Governor Stassen of Minnesota, now a naval officer with Admiral Halsey.

In the face of these handicaps and this confusion, Willkie has conducted throughout the state one of the most fantastic Presidential campaigns in American history. He has hit the towns and countryside with the personal zeal of the old-time circuit rider on the glory trail. With terrible earnestness—and the phrase is used advisedly—he has at once attempted the almost irreconcilable tasks of reforming the Republican Party and asking rank-and-file voters to intrust him, in spite of all the venomous opposition to him, with the party's leadership.

He has sought to persuade the people, puzzled by intense propaganda calling him a New Deal stooge, that he is a "real Republican" who disagrees with "almost every policy" of the Administration in power, but who has also boldly criticized the bleak G. O. P. record in Congress. And he has never once yielded to the temptation to talk dirty politics against Roosevelt's war leadership. He went out of his way to repudiate publicly the campaign tactics of Harrison Spangler, who had chortled gleefully that the G. O. P. would gain votes from the Administration's Irish and Polish policies.

His deliberate defiance of his enemies, his determination to speak his mind plainly on delicate issues were almost incredible. He chose a strongly German area for a speech asserting the necessity of waging war against Germany until total victory. When baited by a *Tribune* spokesman, he departed from his intended speech to lash out a warning that any Republican candidate indorsed by Colonel McCormick would inevitably go down to defeat. He continued with ruthless insistence to discuss the simple fundamental issues of war and peace. With a moral fervor almost passionate in its intensity he sought to re-create the Republican Party in his own image, as what he considers the only effective instrument of liberal leadership in American democracy.

How has Wisconsin received all this? It is notable that his audiences have been the plain citizenry—decent, sober middle-class farmers and townspeople, who might, indeed, have been more entertained by the circus banalities of the ordinary political speech, but who have listened intently to Willkie's customary extemporaneous discussion of transcendent, if abstract, issues. They went away quietly, and presumably thoughtfully, trying to sense the quality of this strange candidate and weigh the merits of his direct appeal: "Help me, please help me!" His campaign began coldly, his audiences sitting on their hands, but after a few days it began to show signs of popular appeal. At Sheboygan the local party leaders, who had not troubled to conceal their hostility, were shocked by a rousing turnout that was rewarded with one of the most effective speeches of the campaign. At Waukesha a previously indifferent county chairman jumped nimbly for the band-wagon and belatedly begged the privilege of introducing the chairman of the meeting. In Milwaukee, where Dewey four years ago drew fewer than a thousand people, Willkie had four thousand in his audience, and he improved the occasion by skilfully saving a meeting which the chairman had half ruined by platform bungling.

Yet even in Milwaukee the people's confusion betrayed itself. Willkie began an ironical analysis of the familiar complaint that we need a President who will "look after America," as Stalin and Churchill look after Britain and Russia. The audience began to applaud—and Willkie had to hurry to make it clear that he didn't agree with this corrupting misstatement of the issues.

The assaults he launched against the New Deal were virtually identical with those made by liberal Democrats and non-partisans, who are sick of official trafficking with Badoglio and disgusted by Administration timidity on the home front. The argument is difficult for a Republican seeking the nomination from people accustomed to a more partisan attack—particularly when the candidate

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is much more vivid and savage in assailing tories of his own party.

There was added the personal element—the trouble Willkie has in fighting, in so many ways, for pure principle, while he virtually reads out of the Presidential race all other candidates and allows the people to assume that he really considers himself the indispensable Republican. When Harold Stassen appealed for votes in the peculiar formula dictated by his naval connections, Willkie did not help himself by pretending that the statement was ambiguous. Most of the eminent political correspondents traveling with him respect him greatly, but he did not endear himself by a resentful, ungracious comment about an opposition Senator who had sent him polite personal regards.

Willkie's cause was strengthened when William T. Evjue, editor of the *Capital Times* and veteran leader of the internationalist wing of the Progressives, indorsed his candidacy. He presumably could benefit from the broad Wisconsin election laws, which would allow liberal Democrats, Progressives, and independents, lacking statewide contests of their own, to enter the Republican primary.

The fight, however, has been admittedly an uphill struggle. Willkie knows this, and there is something admirable about his dogged faith that if the American people can just be shown the issues, tory obstructionists and nationalists will be overthrown. At this writing he needs, to survive as a strong candidate, a large popular vote and at least a majority of the state's twenty district delegates and four delegates-at-large. If he should get more than that, it would represent a truly impressive popular victory. Some of the experienced local newspapermen think he will score this kind of victory—but those who make this guess happen to be strongly pro-Willkie themselves.

How to Get a Better Congress

BY PHILIP BLAIR RICE

FOR the majority of Americans, the 1944 election promises to be just another heavyweight-title bout. There will be preliminary matches, so to speak, between such lesser fry as Congressional candidates, but only the insiders will know the names of the contestants or trouble to place a bet on them. The spotlight will be reserved for the battle between the Champ and the Contender—or, in case the Champ has gone into retirement, between the two Contenders with the heavy punches.

That the language of Madison Square Garden should be appropriate to a national election is unfortunate. For not one but two of the principal arms of the government are elected, at least theoretically, by the people. No matter how good a President we may choose, he is ineffective unless he has a Congress with which he can work, and he may become overweening unless he can be checked by a Congress that supplies a high type of statesman-like criticism. Recent Congresses have contained some able men and passed measures to avert disaster on the war and home fronts. But the margin has been too close for comfort. The first Lend-Lease Act, and with it very likely the fate of our allies and the whole outcome of the war, depended on one vote in the House of Representatives. The present Congress has disfranchised the greater part of eleven million men and women in uniform. It has refused to vote an adequate tax bill, and it has often yielded to pressure groups bent on inflation. It has also failed to oppose the Administration for the State Department's support of such anti-democratic forces as Badoglio, Giraud, and Franco. These are only a few of the bad omens for the vigorous prosecution of the war, and for the peace and the reconstruction.

Many liberals, if not yet the general public, are realizing belatedly that Congress is an important part of the American system of government, and that greater care must be exercised in its selection. But few practical suggestions have been offered for doing anything about it. One thing seems certain. The effort to improve Congress must be carried out locally, in the Congressional districts themselves. It must start from the "grass roots." Voters must find, well in advance of the primaries and conventions, methods of encouraging better candidates to fight for the nomination, of obtaining information about them, and of mobilizing public opinion.

But how to do this? A group of citizens in central Ohio, a state not noted for distinguished representation in Congress, believe they have found a way. Let us listen to their story.

One hot evening in June, 1942, five men were sitting in the yard of one of them in the Ohio village of Gambier. All these men happened to be nominally Democrats, although none of them voted a straight ticket consistently. So far as the rest of the story goes, they might just as well have been Republicans, or adherents of a minor party. From the war the talk drifted to politics. It developed that none of the men liked the way the Representative of their six-county district in Congress, a

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Republican isolationist and reactionary, had voted on national issues.

"Who's running for the Democratic nomination for Congress in this district?" one of the men asked.

Nobody knew.

"Does anybody know the county chairman?"

"I do," said the only one in the group who had ever been active in politics—he was a precinct committeeman. "I was talking to him the other day. He knew that a candidate had filed from Newark and another from Ashland, but he couldn't remember their names and he didn't know anything about them."

"It seems," another remarked, "that our privilege as free citizens of one of the few remaining democracies will consist in the ability to mark an X before the name of either Joe Doakes or Sam Soakes. If we vote for Joe rather than Sam, it will be because we like Joe's name better, or because our precinct committeeman here tells us that Joe is a good fellow, or because we have learned that he belongs to our lodge. The great mass of voters in the other party will choose with similar enlightenment. Another guessing game will take place in November. Out of this process several hundred men will assemble in Washington to form a Congress supposed to be 'representative of the people.' "

"Well," said the precinct committeeman, "there will be a party rally in a couple of weeks at the Old Mill. You can go to that. Along with several dozen other candidates, the aspiring Congressmen will probably give two-minute speeches. And there will be a fish fry and free beer."

"So we'll have two minutes to learn where they stand on military affairs, diplomacy, labor relations, the farm situation, and the post-war world. That'll be a big help."

The men sat thinking for a while. Then one of them said: "It's not so funny. They're asking us to elect them to run the war and maybe make the peace. We ought to know what they stand for. Why let the machine hand-pick them for us? Why not ask them to come here to speak and to answer our questions?"

The suggestion caught on.

"What will we call our meeting?"

"Why not call it the Democratic Forum? The forum idea has been successful on the radio. It's the modern equivalent of the town meeting."

A week later about twenty men and women—farmers, workingmen, professional men, housewives, a grocer, the local station agent—assembled in the Gambier community center to plan the meeting. They constituted themselves a Committee for a Democratic Forum, and elected as co-chairmen a college professor and a bookkeeper.

Both the Democratic candidates accepted the committee's invitation, and announcements of the forthcoming meeting were circulated by small boys to all the houses in Gambier—including those of Republicans as well as Democrats—and mailed to farmers in the surrounding townships. The small costs were footed by contributions from members of the committee.

"We're tired of voting for candidates we know nothing about," read the announcement in part. "To elect a good Congress is just as important as anything we civilians can do to help the war effort. We need a Congress of which we can be confident that it will have the courage to impose upon us the sacrifices necessary for an all-out war effort, that it will not go in for appeasement when the war begins to pinch, and that it will win the peace. We also want men with the wisdom to make a better America when the war is over."

The first public meeting of Ohio Democratic Forum No. 1 was held in the auditorium of the Gambier High School on the evening of July 17, 1942. Although the thermometer registered in the nineties, about 125 people were present, in a community which usually casts 300 to 400 votes.

The two Congressional candidates spoke for fifteen minutes each, and afterward, for an hour and a half, the members of the audience addressed questions to the speakers. They asked for their views on the conduct of the war, on inflation, on taxation, on the government's labor and farm policies, on the issue of internationalism vs. isolationism, on post-war reconstruction. If a candidate seemed reluctant to answer, his questioners hammered away at him until they found out whether he was dodging the issue or had genuinely failed to make up his mind because of lack of adequate information.

It was evident that the audience did not expect the candidate to be a superman, or to have all the answers in detail. But they did wish to learn how honest and courageous he was intellectually, what was his general attitude toward the important questions of the day, how much thinking he had done, and how effective a speaker he was likely to be in Congress. At the end of the meeting he was no longer just Joe Doakes to them.

One of the significant results of the first forum was that there was a record Democratic vote in Gambier for an off-year primary, although the vote in the rest of the state, and in the nation, was one of the lightest in history. After the primary, the Democratic voters of Gambier united behind their party's candidate, held another meeting, and worked at the polls to get out the vote on Election Day. The November, 1942, election was, of course, a Republican landslide in Ohio and in the Middle West generally. But the politicians of the district observed that Gambier and the surrounding townships were the only communities in Knox County that gave a majority to the Democratic Congressional candidate. It seemed that democratic methods, with a small *d*, might help the Democratic—or the Republican—Party! By their use, amateurs in politics had succeeded in getting out the vote, whereas the professionals had failed.

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The members of the Democratic Forum believe not only that they have found a way of choosing more intelligently between the candidates that offer themselves, but that the spread of the forum method would in a short time produce better candidates as well. At present, in order to be nominated, an able candidate must by devious ways win the favor of the party machine and of the more sinister influences which sometimes furnish the machine its backing. But the forum gives the candidate a chance to present his case directly to the public. And it enlists in active party politics many citizens who otherwise would keep aloof.

Non-partisan forums have their place. But the central feature of the Democratic Forum is that it is, in a new sense, partisan. Its organizers believe that "party politics" need no longer be a term with a stigma to it. The American system is a party system. Candidates are nominated by their parties and voted for on party ballots. If shame has attached to party politics in the past, this is because the operations of the party system have been subject to secret manipulation; because, in short, our parties have not been democratic. What the forum idea proposes is to bring party politics to the people and democratize the parties themselves.

The Democratic Forum movement has already begun to spread. Inquiries as to how to form similar forums have been received from spots as far from Ohio as Maryland and Texas. In small communities, where the newspapers give even less attention to the Congressional elections than in the cities, and in the South, where the primary is the real election, the forums are especially serviceable.

While the founders of Ohio Democratic Forum No. 1 are pleased at the interest shown in their idea, and glad to affiliate with other forums, they insist on emphasizing certain cautions. The forums must be kept democratic with a small *d*. If they are controlled by any candidate or group for selfish ends, they will soon alienate the interest of the public. They must be kept independent of the regular party organizations, and their meetings must be open to all, regardless of party. Any registered voter of the party in question must be eligible for voting membership in the forum. The officers must be elected at public meetings. The forum, moreover, should be organized by citizens who do not seek office and who have no other personal ax to grind. Although petitions may be circulated and debated at meetings, the forum as a group should not pass any resolutions on matters of public policy. And it should not officially back any candidate, but should give a hearing to all who present themselves, within the limits of the audience's endurance and the chairman's discretion. For its chief function is the mutual education of the electorate and the candidate.

Many European nations have drifted into dictatorship because of the incompetence of their legislative bodies. One way to keep this from happening in America, so these citizens of Ohio believe, is to create new mechanisms whereby our representatives can function more effectively both as servants and as leaders of the people. They believe that the time is ripe for some new manifestations of the democratic spirit, and these will require initiative and political inventiveness on the part of citizens everywhere.

FIRST PRINCIPLES

Or How to Think About Mortimer Adler's "How to Think About War and Peace"

In five hundred years all wars will cease,
And, by elementary logic, we shall then have peace.
A is A, B is not non-B,
Time must not be mixed up with Eternity,
Eternity is comforting when you're distressed
About battles in the East and invasion in the West,
When you painfully wonder how the world will fare
When the killing has stopped on land, sea, and air.
Don't worry about cartels or the Culbertson plan,
Or Union with Britain by that Lippmann man,
Don't fret about boundaries and areas and such,
And the claims of the Finns and the Greeks and the Dutch,
Be calm and be spacious; think in centuries at least,
Things'll clear up nicely when you're long deceased.
Don't fuss about the present; give your spirit wings,
Think quite quietly on quite vast things,
Dismiss all transient nonsense about trade and pacts,
Forget markets and materials, mere mundane facts,
The next ten years may be cruel and strange,
A thousand years will be your proper range.
Though everything now seems confused and hectic,
Settle down with a sedative of pure dialectic.
Here all is in order, in a nice neat book
That looks down the centuries with a far-flung look.
The boys at Cassino will love to hear
That in half a millennium things will be all clear.
On the Anzio beachhead they will learn with glee
That posterity will some day shout "Q. E. D.!"
In five hundred years you'll know the score,
Or you would, save you won't be around any more!
The next ten years are the merest jot,
We'll get through those, or we won't, so what?
Just think clearly for five hundred years,
And everything will come out lovely, dears,
Think of first principles; they come quite gratis,
And you'll live *sub specie aeternitatis*.
War is not peace, and peace is not war,
So go to sleep, children, and please don't snore.

IRWIN EDMAN

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Jack and the Jackpot

BY KARL KEYERLEBER

BILL JACK has spent thousands of dollars in recent months in an effort to prove that his Jack and Heintz Company is teetering on the verge of bankruptcy. He speaks almost as often as Wendell Willkie, and while he covers somewhat less ground than Mrs. Roosevelt he makes up in velocity what he may lack in global distance.

Jack, who once paid a secretary $18,295 for ten weeks' work, is probably the country's best-known champion of incentive pay for factory workers. That may be an understatement. The Cleveland plant, where workers are known as "associates" and extra-curricular employee benefits are on a scale that makes old-line industrialists shudder, has become famous for two things—production and publicity. Since Jack came into contact with the hard facts of war-time government controls there is a question whether the emphasis on the second has not outstripped the undoubted emphasis placed on the first.

When necktieless Bill Jack spoke last month in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington at a dinner to which he had invited all the members of both houses of Congress, he carried to a dizzy peak a campaign that must have made Barnum stir uneasily in his grave. Arguments still go on as to whether the people's representatives equaled or were outnumbered by planted "cheer leaders" at the Washington dinner. The debate is pointless. Sufficient Representatives and Senators attended to make the stunt a success. It drew the nation's attention from a global war to Jack's private war. With his feet planted firmly on the glorious heritage of American free enterprise and his head in the stratosphere of a new industrial philosophy, he has challenged the army and the navy and "the whole damn government," whose price-adjustment procedure he calls dictatorship.

The war began when an army price board which renegotiated the company's contracts last year decided that Jack and Heintz should refund to the government $1,750,000 which was considered excessive profit on sales of airplane-starter assemblies and automatic pilots to the services in 1942. Since the company already had paid taxes of $5,250,000, the total amounted to a round $7,000,000, plus some interest.

Jack reacted swiftly. He stood, like Foch in 1918, and breathed defiance. "My center is giving way, my right is pushed back," he told a trusted associate. "Excellent! I shall attack."

The attack was both frontal and enveloping. Jack, a stocky, dynamic, fiftyish fellow with a penchant for open-throated sport shirts and exuberant phraseology—both sometimes seem a size too big for the man—carried his case to the people. He began to speak on all the better Chamber of Commerce rostrums east of the Rockies, the guest of men who once looked askance at his revolutionary manufacturing methods. Nearly fifty leading newspapers blossomed out this winter with company advertisements denouncing the renegotiation of war contracts and asking support for the fight against the statute.

Jack launched a stock-selling scheme through which employees pledged future earnings to the company, causing one Clevelander to chortle: "My Gawd, now Jack is renegotiating his associates!" And finally he drew from a secret drawer his master-plan, a turning movement around the Congressional flank, with enfilading elocution.

The starters still rolled out—there is a company song about that—but they no longer kept pace with the stories about the concern and its voluble president. So many roving reporters prowled through the place that both *Reader's Digest* and General Hershey's Selective Service were weighing the advisability of opening branch offices in the lobby. "We call it the milk run," observed the Jack and Heintz publications man who drives visiting writers from Cleveland through the smoke-filled Cuyahoga Valley to Bedford, home of the main plant.

The stories of the fabulous war-born industrial wonderland which formed the background for Jack's fight on renegotiation both complicated the issues and reduced them to human and tangible terms not often found in what are likely to be referred to as soulless corporations. Jack uprooted his infant Jack and Heintz concern when he encountered labor trouble in California a few years ago, and moved to Cleveland. Somewhere in the process he found a lot of answers. He introduced a new labor-relations philosophy which he termed "industrial humanism," and gave his workers wide freedom on the job while keeping an oddly tight checkrein on their lives. The fact that he brought his experiment to full flower at a time when government orders poured in on his newly organized company may have been a coincidence. At any rate it was opportune, because most of the answers he had found seemed to involve money—gobs of it.

Jack and Heintz was organized late in 1940 with $100,000 capital in the name of four men. Within a year, while the nation rushed to rearm, it acquired a $20,000,000 backlog of orders, and last year it did more than $100,000,000 worth of business. In 1941 the

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company divided a $650,000 Christmas bonus, and new watches ticked on 800 associated wrists. From an original 30, the associates have multiplied to a present strength of 7,600. They are housed in a $3,500,000 plant—or rather six plants—built and equipped by the government even to office and cafeteria furniture. Out of the federal till has come $11,670,000 in cash for working capital.

The associates work hard—twelve hours a day and seven days a week—but they live. Here is a factory without a time clock, operated somewhat on the lines of a combined camp meeting, football rally, and circus. Every new associate receives a free pair of expensive shoes. "A man can't do good work when his feet hurt." If a worker feels "bushed" he may knock off from work and take a steam bath, followed by a rubdown by the company's masseur. He gets a life-insurance policy without cost. Free meals are served under the direction of a famed chef, and coffee and bouillon are available all the time.

If in spite of these aids to morale the long hours get an associate down he is sent with his family to Florida or Maine, depending on the season, for a vacation at company expense. Jack and Heintz bought Florida apartments and leased a honeymoon island in the Gulf of Mexico and the famed Breakers Hotel at Cedar Point on Lake Erie. A former gambling club which had been bought by Bill Jack's brother was turned into a bowling alley and recreation club. When some of the boys in the front office had trouble meeting their income-tax payments one year, the company slipped $10,000 into their pay envelopes. Each Christmas everybody hits the Jackpot for another bonus. There have been no strikes, almost no absenteeism.

The experiment in human relations and the high "take-home" pay brought Jack and Heintz a waiting list of 15,000 applicants for jobs at a time when the Cleveland man-power situation was getting very tight. It was not Utopia on an eighty-four-hour week, as it sometimes was pictured by awed writers. But it paid off in high production per man. Over the plant flies an army-navy "E" pennant.

In it rules a martinet in mufti who sometimes makes his workmen wonder about that new-fangled factory democracy. They call the boss Bill when he stops at their benches, but if they are not true to their wives or don't park their cars in the neat pattern laid out for them they draw public reprimands. "Either a man plays the game fair or he won't be an associate long," is a Jack dictum which brought some sotto voce responses that the removal of an associate from the pay roll would take no longer than the firing of an employee by some less enlightened industrialist.

Through a microphone on his desk Jack toils tirelessly to build up his associates' morale. He boasts that he works not twelve but twenty hours each day, and at any time, day or night, his voice may boom over the loud speaker to announce that a new production goal has been passed or that Bill Smith has a birthday or Lottie Snafu a baby. He writes homely parodies to entertain his peers. One, inspired by Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia," he called "A Message to Mr. Guggenheim." It had a moral. Most of them do.

Every Saturday night there is a banquet at a Cleveland hotel, and here Jack keeps in training for his formal speaking engagements. Associates, accustomed to attending boxing shows or hockey games after Jack has assured the promoter, "Sure, there'll be 1,500 of us there," and to donating to worthy causes whenever he pledges their support, always show up for the company banquets. After a number had been held, it was noted that those who had stopped at the bar for a bracer sometimes fell asleep in the middle of the head man's speech. This difficulty was solved by limiting all associates to a single drink until after the banquet. A company representative supervises the distribution. "And this guy talks about government dictatorship," commented a thirsty associate.

For his twenty-hour day and his genius Jack paid himself $150,000 in 1942. There seems little doubt that by many standards he was worth it, although Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson pointed out that the year's return was six times his investment in the company less than two years before. Somebody else observed that Jack had more than once announced publicly that no company officer was making more than $25,000 a year. According to Patterson, Ralph M. Heintz, the silent half of the company's name, also received $150,000 and two of Jack's sons drew a total of $216,500.

At this point the Jack and Heintz case gets very complicated. There is a widespread impression that the honeymoon island, free vitamin pills and rubdowns, and other employee benefits have been attacked by the government. According to Jack himself, none was disallowed as a business expense, though some of them could be challenged as scarcely allocable to the price of airplane starters.

The Price Adjustment Board was interested in lower prices. Jack claimed that his unusual employee methods resulted in high production, and the board apparently took him at his word. But it entered the two top salaries,

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plus bonuses, at $75,000 each and made other revisions at the executive level, charging the difference to company profit instead of to costs. The company wanted to put aside a fund of $1,750,000 for post-war purposes. Since the renegotiation statute contained no provision for post-war reserves, this also was credited to profit.

There remained one of the biggest questions in the whole proceeding: how much profit to allow the company on business supported by $15,000,000 of the taxpayers' capital. This has been a hotly disputed point. The original Jack and Heintz investment was $100,000, and more money was "plowed back" later for capital. Jack also asserts that he borrowed a million dollars from a Cleveland bank when the company was organized. Whatever the total, it is only a fraction of the government investment.

Jack demanded at least 5 per cent of the total volume as the company's profit. What he got is not clear. In its newspaper advertising the company presented a "balance sheet" showing that taxes and renegotiation left a net loss of $2,826 for 1942. Working from the same figures, the War Department, according to Patterson, found a profit of $1,361,000 after taxes and renegotiation.

Jack claims high production per man, which hardly can be challenged since all the associates have been working eighty-four hours a week. He also claims high production per dollar through incentive and management efficiency. This has been less easy to prove. *Fortune* attempted to reach some conclusions by comparing costs. It cited a price of $1,870 for automatic pilots built by Jack and Heintz as against $2,200 for those built by the Sperry Corporation. On starters, however, *Fortune* said the Jahco JH-3 cost the army $320, while the Bendix Eclipse Series 43, which the magazine's researchers said was comparable, cost only $194.

Jack says they are not comparable and repudiates the figures. "Ours cost $262.50," he told me. "That is the smallest production starter we make. It has twice the power and is lighter—an important factor—than the Bendix Series 43. The Army Air Service Command made a study of their starter against ours and took the Series 43 off the Flying Fortress and other planes and put ours on." One thing the controversy has proved beyond dispute is that figures can be made to say anything. Whether Jack is merely cashing in on war-time gravy may be a question that will have to wait until it is learned whether he can offer similar employee inducements in peace time and still undersell competitors.

Meanwhile he continues his trial-by-denunciation of the Price Adjustment Board. Jack told the Congressmen who were his guests that he had no quarrel with them, only with the board. This is about as logical as for a condemned man to say he has no quarrel with the judge but only with the bailiff who leads him to his cell. Jack's quarrel *is* with Congress, which passed the price-adjustment statute and retained it in the latest revenue act despite some of the most severe pressure ever brought to bear on a legislative body. A Congress in the main sympathetic to business was not convinced that the price boards were putting anybody out of business.

In the Wind

THE OFFICES at 1775 Broadway, New York, formerly occupied by the Military Committee for the Liberation of Austria, sponsor of the abortive plan for a Hapsburg Legion in the United States army, are now occupied by the Austrian Institute. Founders of the institute are Hans Rott and Egon Ranshofen-Wertheimer, supporters of the Archduke Otto. They are trying to get the State Department to make the institute its official adviser on Austria.

FIRE-INSURANCE COMPANIES still stipulate that their contracts do not cover fires caused by invasion.

AMENITIES OF COMPETITION: The March 27 issue of *Time* devoted a column and a picture to publicizing the appointment of a British Major General, J. F. C. Fuller, as a military commentator by its rival, *Newsweek*. The picture was a pre-war shot of Fuller chatting with "Lord Haw-Haw," the British traitor who broadcasts from Berlin; the text recalled both Fuller's reputation as an expert in mechanized warfare and his former candidacy for Parliament on the British Fascist ticket.

HEADLINE OF THE WEEK, from the New York *Times:* "Will Hays Stresses Freedom of Screen."

SCIENTIFIC EXACTITUDE, from a speech by Walter S. Landis, vice-president of the American Cyanamid Company, reported in *Chemical and Engineering News:* "The socialistic movement is founded upon a completely false doctrine. . . . It goes under many names, Socialism, Communism, Labor, New Deal, Fascism, Nazism, and a host of lesser-known designations. It is a very potent force in America today."

FESTUNG EUROPA: The last theological school in Norway has been closed. . . . Tobacco is $5 an ounce in Germany. . . . The official Nazi press advises Dutch mothers not to worry about the total lack of soap; soap, it says, is not necessary anyhow. The official Nazi press also makes this report on scabies in the Netherlands: "Before the war a doctor had hardly one case a year, but now it may happen that he has ten a week. The spread of the disease is attributed to the fact that the population comes into contact with less hygienic persons from other countries." . . . Posters have appeared in public places throughout Holland advising the people to get their axes ready and to select Nazis for execution on "Ax Day," the day of liberation.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Nazis Under Twenty-one

BY KARL O. PAETEL

II

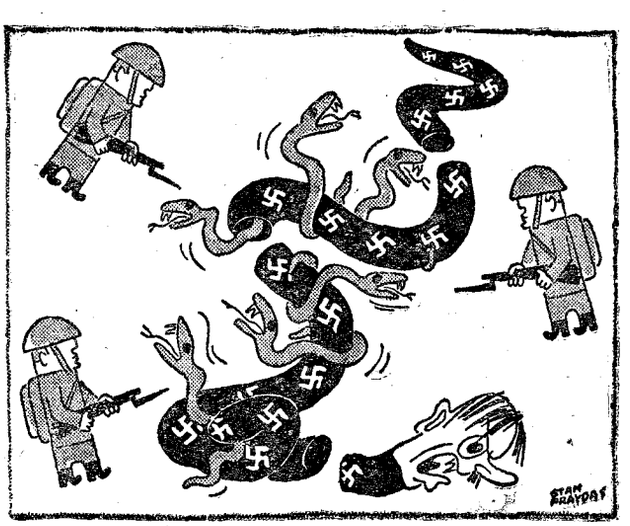
PROBABLY no current question is discussed in such purely emotional terms as that of the future of German youth. Sentimental disregard of the record, on the one hand, and uncritical, all-inclusive hatred, on the other, make realistic analysis difficult.

We can get some idea of what will happen to German youth after the collapse of the Nazi regime only if we take the trouble to differentiate its contradictory tendencies and trace them to their origins; only thus can we find the answer to the question of how the progressive, cooperative elements among them, so small today, can be expanded and finally reintegrated into the life of the new Europe.

Since the war broke out, the whole program of the Hitler Youth has been devoted to "war fitness," and attendance at "war-fitness camps" is compulsory for the older members. Since early in 1943 the camps have taken all boys in the last two years of high school provided they are fifteen and a half years old. The regular camp period is three weeks, but boys of seventeen, if they wish, may go for four weeks and join the army immediately afterward.

According to the Nazi press, 362 boys and girls in the Seventh District of Berlin were taken into the National Socialist Party in the middle of 1943; 162 of them were already in the army. Assuming that about half the total number were girls, it appears that all the seventeen-year-old boys in the district had volunteered (a boy of seventeen may join the army either as a private or as a long-term officer candidate). Lately more and more sixteen-year-olds have been appearing at the front, and it is reported that fifteen-year-olds are now permitted to volunteer.

Many schoolboys are drafted into the Luftwaffe or the navy as "helpers." They live in barracks or on ships, under the supervision of a Hitlerjugend leader who acts as foreman. Those who want to join the Waffen-S.S. may notify the Labor Service at the age of sixteen and a half, and with its permission may transfer to the S.S. after half a year, or even three months. Time spent in the Black Shirts is credited to their Labor Service records.



On May 5, 1942, a decree issued jointly by the president of the National Socialist Teachers' League and the Man-Power Commissioner authorized the employment of boys and girls as helpers in a variety of occupations. Some 250,000 members of the Hitlerjugend have since joined fire brigades; more than a million members of the Bund Deutscher Mädchen are in the Sanitation, Health, and Household Help Service; the Deutsches Jungvolk has long been assigning its members to salvage and farm service; the Hitlerjugend and the Jungmädel likewise enlist their members in the scrap-metal service, the Winter Relief, the Wounded Relief, the herb-collection service, and such other jobs as helping in railroad stations and caring for workers' children. At the beginning of this year plans were under way for the organization of a courier service using boys ten to thirteen years old and of "flying squadrons" of sixteen-year-olds to help the police and the Waffen-S.S., with full police powers. Many boys and girls thirteen to fifteen years old work in war industries. With iron consistency the Nazi Party has organized the life of German youth for its own purposes. The individual lives of these young people are being swallowed up in the common life of the organizations to which they belong.

It is not surprising, then, to hear reports that the great Hitlerjugend recruiting drives—for the Waffen-S.S., for example—are beginning to meet some resistance, that the Hitlerjugend leader of Hamburg has been attacked more than once by groups of boys, that severe punishments have been imposed for avoidance of membership in the Hitlerjugend, and that the authority of the juvenile courts has been greatly broadened; or to find the press publishing letters from the front like this one:

> I think of home. I remember a night in the mountains with the Hitlerjugend. We were happy and full of hope as we sat around the fire

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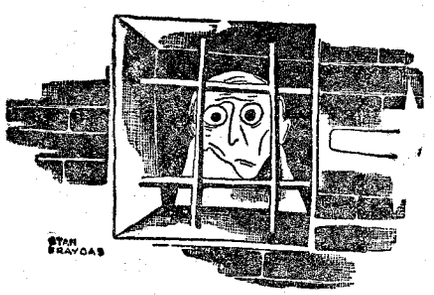
and sang songs, songs of freedom and glory, of faith and victory. We all believed in a better future.

The children whose laughter echoed through the mountains that night have grown up. Now we know what duty requires of us. We know what it means to die. We have no time for campfires in the mountains.

We would like to know whether those fires that meant so much to us still burn at home. Do they still burn in people's hearts, or did they light up the darkness only for a moment and then die, and with them faith and hope?

But not all German boys would feel like writing such a letter. Between the veterans of the last war, from whom come the leaders of the present, and the Nazi-educated youngsters who have grown up in the shadow of the hooked cross are the all but forgotten youth who grew up in the post-war years. This in-between generation, which in the early thirties lived through the clash of ideologies and the chaos of political violence, was then in large part under the illusion that it could restore order and "harmony" by joining youth movements and the semi-military formations of the Nazis. Some joined the party under pressure of circumstances; some were careerists without strong political convictions of any kind.



Even among the veterans of the last war, skepticism is growing. They "do their part," but without the fanaticism of the younger Nazis. They take orders, but carry them out with less enthusiasm than their younger brothers. This development was recognized at the third convention of Hitlerjugend leaders at Weimar in 1938, when they were divided into a well-paid *Führercorps* and an unpaid *Führerschaft*. The Hitlerjugend, whose 8,000,000 members take orders from 30,000 higher and middle leaders and 500,000 lower leaders, is thus divided horizontally.

This stratification undoubtedly has a social character. Official statistics show that 70 per cent of the 500,000 subalterns come from the lowest income groups, and that positions of real influence at all levels are reserved for Black Shirts, regular party teachers, and old party officials. Thus virtually all the pre-Hitler youth leaders are barred from top positions in the hierarchy. (Baldur von Schirach, the head man, once wrote in the official youth magazine, "Autonomous youth are a form of Bolshevism.") But the lower ranks of the leaders include a relatively high proportion of men in whom the influence of the old organizations persists. Today, since they are debarred not only from administrative but also from social and political influence, more and more of them are reverting to their former beliefs. The result of stratification has been a growing disillusionment.

In this connection it is important to note the effects of the system on the youngest boys, those who have not yet entered the army. These children, to whom National Socialism means only the daily "service" they perform, the death of relatives, and the possibility of being *ausgebombt*, whose little spare time is largely taken up with lectures on the need for endurance, and who lack the crusading élan that marked the earlier years of the Hitlerjugend—these children are beginning to be "difficult." They are growing indifferent to their tasks and to the war. Every adolescent child is full of burning questions. The pre-Hitler youth organizations afforded opportunities for open discussion, but today all such questions are officially dismissed as "individualistic."

Thus both among the youth leaders and among the children there is latent opposition to the regime. And as the militant generation between them is reduced by death in battle, the mounting psychological strain on the older and younger generations will become increasingly a source of danger to the government. The broadened authority of the juvenile courts is aimed partly at real criminality but mostly at the passive resistance of the young "war casualties." On the day after Hitler's downfall these boys and girls will become the nucleus of the new Germany.

What may we expect of them?

It is useless to draw up a detailed program of "re-education" for them now. Concrete situations will require different procedures at different times and places. But the general approach must be an appeal to responsibility. To impose foreign teachers on the children would only arouse opposition. Obviously, textbooks and courses must be changed, but we must not overestimate the immediate effects of such changes. To get the boys and girls to participate willingly in the program, emphasis should be placed on the building of youth groups in the various cities, districts, and provinces—and such groups should be built from the bottom up. Men who are young in spirit and who speak the language of German youth should gather boys and girls around them to work cooperatively on the pressing problems that will face them, and thus indirectly lead them to an acceptance of democratic values.

The process could be helped along by ideological discussions, in which the leader would emphasize the progressive aspects of the German tradition, the common destiny of Europe, etc. When the psychological ground has thus been democratically prepared, when the youth are capable of accepting a new type of formal education, it will be possible to work out a broad program that they will follow. The program will thus be a native growth

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for which they themselves will have been fully responsible. Only thus can they be united in devotion to their new tasks; only thus can the grip of National Socialism be broken; only thus can all elements, political, religious, and occupational, be united in the building of a new order.

[*The first part of this article, the third of a series on the future of Germany, appeared last week.*]

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

ANOTHER Catholic priest, a Dr. Alfons Wachsmann of Griefswald, has been executed in Germany. The Pomeranian local papers printed the announcement in the middle of March. They added that the priest had been condemned to death for his "disintegrating influence on German military strength"—by which is to be understood a defeatist or anti-Nazi influence on members of the armed forces.

The news reminds us that the peculiar war between the Catholic church and the Nazi regime—on neither side open war but rather a guerrilla struggle—is still going on. Another incident in this war is brought to our notice by a furious outburst in the Dutch Nazi newspaper *Volk en Vaderland*. At the beginning of the year Lieutenant General Seyffardt, a Dutch Nazi, founder of the Dutch Legion, which sent a battalion to fight on the Russian front, was murdered. The assassin was caught, sentenced to death by a German military court, and executed. Soon afterward a solemn mass for him was celebrated in a Catholic church in Amsterdam, with the expressed approval of the bishop. The organist even conceived the idea of playing, after the mass, the song of mourning for fellow-soldiers, "Ich hatt' einen Kameraden," which is as much a favorite in Holland as in Germany. "When we realize," the Dutch Nazi paper commented, "that no music can be played in church that has not been approved by the clergy, it becomes clear that the whole performance was meant as an extraordinary demonstration." But the paper phrased its real grievance as follows: "Catholic law in Holland is thus shown to have two faces. A National Socialist, even one who has been assassinated, cannot be buried in consecrated ground, but the assassin of a National Socialist is worthy of a requiem mass."

Among the surprising turns in this hesitating, half-hearted guerrilla war is the fact that the chaplain, the pastor, and the organist of the Amsterdam church, after being arrested and held for four days in a German prison, on the fifth day were set free—to the indignation of their Nazi compatriots. "German patience and tolerance in this case," grumbled the *Volk en Vaderland*, "will certainly surprise thousands of people in this country."

For a long time it has been very difficult in Germany to get a pair of shoes or a watch repaired. And now the screw is to be given another turn. In an industrial district in the west artisans and shops were forbidden on March 3 to undertake any more repairs for people. A "Central Office for Repairs" is to be set up. Anyone who wants repairs done must make a written application to the Central Office, which "will distribute orders among the artisans and shops after thoroughly investigating the urgency of the requested repairs."

Once German professors had a good name. Professor von Leers, author of an article in the *Angriff* of Berlin for February 23, is a new type—as a representative of learning or of the nobility. Excerpts from his article are given below:

> The people of Berlin call the terror raiders "swine." The term is too mild, for the pig is a useful animal. Terror raiders are *Pestschweine* (pestilential swine), a nauseous plague of the world. They no longer have anything in common with humanity. Our people ask, ever more gravely and frequently, whether we should adhere to international law in our treatment of these beasts of hell. . . .
>
> It is wrong to call these beasts *Lufthunnen* (Huns of the air). Compared with the Anglo-Saxon *Pestschweine*, the Huns were decent, respectable people. What must we do now? Work, work, and again work for the hour of vengeance. . . .
>
> Let them make their invasion! None of them will leave Europe alive. Our people are waiting to spring at their throats. We have reached the point to which these hirelings of the Jews wanted to drive us. Now we feel toward the beasts nothing but merciless hatred. Let nobody in the next thousand years talk of a blood relationship between us and them.

Somewhat delayed, information has now reached here that even persons ill with tuberculosis have been put to work in German factories. Regulations for their employment were published in the September 8, 1943, issue of the *Reichs-Gesundheitsblatt*, organ of the Ministry of Health. The notice said in part:

> A sufferer from active tuberculosis who, it has been determined by clinical examination, does not cough very much and ejects only a small quantity of phlegm presents little danger of infection under normal working conditions if he observes a strict discipline. . . . Practically speaking, he presents no danger at all as long as he is employed in work which the medical authorities consider suitable, avoids close contact with his fellow-workers, and is segregated from juveniles.

It has accordingly been decreed that all physicians and clinics treating tubercular patients "must inform the Labor Offices which of their patients are able to work." In tuberculosis sanitariums representatives of the Labor Offices will discuss the future employment of patients with the physicians and give the required orders.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Epic of Brazil

REBELLION IN THE BACKLANDS (OS SERTOES). By Euclides da Cunha. Translated by Samuel Putnam. University of Chicago Press. $5.

"OS SERTOES" is one of those astonishing, original works which appear from time to time, like a volcano in a quiet plain, to remind us that man is not merely unpredictable but creative. There is nothing like it in Brazilian literature, or in any other. Out of a local struggle between the troops of the young republic and a group of frontier outlaws led by a religious fanatic, Euclides da Cunha evolves a major document, not merely in the historical sense, but in philosophical and sociological terms as well.

Beginning with the desert land itself and the problems its imposes on man, he scrutinizes the kinds of men who come there, and what the environment makes of them. Proceeding with a noble disregard of the reader's ease, he comes in due course to the character of Antonio Conselheiro, the primitive mystic who not merely leads but symbolizes the forces of superstition and lawlessness in this isolated society. The revolt at Canudos and the difficulty with which it was put down greatly shocked the people of coastal Brazil. With a scientist's laborious passion the author demonstrates not only how it all happened but that it was inevitable and, indeed, of significance.

No book has had a deeper influence on the formation of the Brazilian mind. Here the Brazilians saw what their country was really like. They saw the shocking disparity between the Europeanized seaboard and the primitive life of the interior. But it also became clear to them that the men of the backlands, because they were at home in that terrible environment, were, paradoxically, superior to the government troops. By emphasizing that there is not *one* right way of doing things—and that European—but different ways for different people in different situations, Euclides da Cunha indicates the whole problem of the self-realization of a nation. In this lies the historical importance of the book, and for this reason it deserves a place in American literature in the larger sense, since we are all struggling with that problem. Even for the writers of Brazil, "Os Sertoes" became a symbol, like Walt Whitman or the Gettysburg Address, of their freedom from classical patterns, and of their responsibility to explore the Brazilian scene.

Whether, aside from its importance in Brazilian culture, this book is a masterpiece in the literary sense is something one has no right to judge from a translation and a smattering of Portuguese. There is no denying that it suffers from the defects of its qualities: in being bold and uncompromising it is often uncouth and unwieldy; in being exact it becomes pedantic; it is, at least in translation, somewhat pompous, and it is never winning in style. The casual reader will do well to proceed wilfully, skipping the first ninety pages to begin, in the section on Man, with the famous description of the *sertanejo,* proceeding from there to the story of the account of the military action at Canudos. This is all good reading. Moreover, taking the narrative before the theory serves to isolate the author's more serious defect, the inconsistency of his thought on social and particularly racial problems. In the chapters entitled An Irritating Parenthesis and A Strong Race he states baldly that "an intermingling of races highly diverse is, in the majority of cases, prejudicial"—but he then goes on to show how interesting, able, and in fact dynamic the new breed of the backlands is. Since he cannot manage to adjust the exaggerated nineteenth-century theories of racial superiority and racial purity to the actualities of the rebellion at Canudos, the theory and its contradiction stand side by side, a fascinating historical text for the sociologist. In fact, those ideas are old-fashioned and outworn, and it is encouraging to realize the extent to which we have been freed from them—in the scientific, if not in the political, sphere—by the anthropologists of our time. Euclides da Cunha's difficulty is mainly his inability to see that culture is a cumulative historical product, not a function of race, and that the superstition, the retarded society, and the primitive conditions of the backlands were the result not of mixed blood but of isolation and poverty. It is also encouraging that modern Brazilian sociologists have focused on the facts rather than the fallacies in "Os Sertoes," which has had an appreciable influence on their own dynamic attitude toward race and nationalism. Perhaps this is, in turn, a vindication of the literary force of the narrative.

Two things about this edition seem to me impediments to the simple pleasure of reading—the footnotes and the introduction, or rather the first half of the introduction, which for ten pages quotes eulogies of the book. There is always something repugnant about superlatives; certainly they should be selected and interpreted—or at least confined to the blurb. The footnotes seem faintly insulting. Clarifying footnotes are quite unavoidable in a translation of this kind, but any reader resents being pulled up on every page with an order to "See page 130." The author could have made a reference to page 130 himself if he had wanted to; if he was content to trust the interest of the reader, why should the editor thrust himself in? The book is in some ways difficult, but not so difficult as that. On the other hand, the glossaries, with the scientific and linguistic research they imply, the maps, the excellent indexes, and Mr. Putnam's biographical sketch of Euclides da Cunha are important aids to the scholar. It is unfortunate that his essay on the book and its author—his estimate of their significance after the long period of intimacy—should have been printed elsewhere (*Science and Society,* fall, 1943) rather than as a suitable introduction to this edition.

These are minor indignations, however; no one will deny that a difficult task has been performed with a good deal of spirit and success. There is no literary problem more trying, and in fact impossible, than translation, and to translate from the Portuguese is much more difficult than from the French, for instance, if only because it has been so little

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done. The two languages have not rubbed against each other enough; there is not yet any facility in dealing with that alien grammatical structure, or recognized English equivalents for Brazilian phrases. Perhaps for this reason the translator shows a tendency to disregard the connotations of English words: a common Portuguese word is translated by a rare or archaic English word because it is equivalent in dictionary meaning, although the English sentence has then quite a different feeling from the Portuguese, and the reader is pulled up by its curious stiffness. Any reader of the English version will be impressed, however, by the number of words for things and places, for plants and animals, and even for men which we have never needed at all in English, and which cannot be translated. Vocabulary shows pretty clearly where a people are ignorant, and the very fact of this translation assures that in time the *sertanejo,* like the gaucho, will be part of our speech—though not even the Department of State can predict how we shall pronounce it!

In short, whether we believe that it is a great classic of the Americas or merely a historical oddity, "Revolt in the Backlands" marks an important day in American affairs. You can find out fifty times as much about Brazil from this book as from the handbooks written by touring journalists. Perhaps it is even more important that now for the first time the North American has the opportunity to share in a significant experience of Brazilian literature and history, and to judge for himself. ELIZABETH WILDER

The Thinking of a Nation

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN THOUGHT. By Merle Curti. Harper and Brothers. $5.

AT A time like the present, when the contradictions and naive slackness of American institutions are painfully apparent, it is a sobering thing to read Mr. Curti's book. Throughout our national life we have been largely content, as a hustling nation born under a lucky star, to leave major issues unresolved and hanging optimistically in loose couplets: the rights of property and the rights of man; political equality and economic inequality; majority rule and minority rights; free competition and monopoly; thrift and commercially fostered conspicuous consumption; freedom of the press and news dissemination as private business enterprise. Always there has been the pragmatic assumption that there is no need to cross ideological bridges until we come to them. In our continental isolation this philosophy of casualness seemed to work. But the peculiar quality about the present is that choices among alternatives are peremptorily demanded.

The thing Mr. Curti's book does is to remind one in this exigent hour of how ragged and indecisive our cultural past has been, how casually developed "the American way," and how continuous are the crudities of yesterday with present modes of thought and action. In our confident American time-orientation toward the future we slough off history and look patronizingly at the rawness of the closing third of the nineteenth century, forgetting that men in power today were acquiring the pattern of their living and thinking in that

SECURITY OF EXISTENCE

not the meaning of existence is the key to Hitler's mass following, says Sidney Hook, one of America's keenest philosophical critics, in *Hitlerism: A Non-Metaphysical View.*

Professor Hook refutes certain current conceptions of the origin and growth of fascism in his informative and stimulating article in the April issue of the

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same atmosphere. The fact that this book is a history of our "thought," including the meandering thought of the common people and playing down the stirring surface drama of wars and politics, helps one to perceive more clearly our national habits of substituting indirection for decision and muscular activity for coherence. Mr. Curti does not say this, but the cumulative impact of these pages makes it clear.

A book entitled "The Growth of American Thought" invites comparison with Parrington's "Main Currents" and F. O. Matthiessen's recent "American Renaissance." Each of these three books involves a different way of handling our intellectual past. Mr. Matthiessen concentrates vertically on a narrow band in time and on five writers—Emerson, Hawthorne, Melville, Thoreau, and Whitman—seeking to discover their conception of the function and nature of literature in American life as revealed at the level of formal literary output. Parrington worked with depth but more broadly in both time and coverage of political and other issues. Mr. Curti starts less selectively, at the folk level where thought is social attitudes, and moves up into the areas where American thought becomes "intellectual" and crystallized as "literature." His is a social history of three centuries of American thought which "does not purport to provide an exact analysis of the 'interiors' of the ideas and systems." Its emphasis is horizontal over time, rather than vertical. He weaves a prodigious wealth of apt detail into these compact and always fascinating pages.

A book of this sort suffers somewhat from the occupational disease of the new social historians: at the level of folk knowledge and folk attitudes everything becomes fascinating, and the temptation to over-inclusiveness overbears an analyst. The foreground becomes at times a fascinating jungle which is rendered orderly only by the bunching of the text in a series of swift stereopticon views identified by their headings. Together with more formidable things, Mr. Curti accordingly covers the Common Man in Sickness, the Indian in American Thought, the extra-sensory perception of J. B. Rhine, and the attitudes of Father Divine's followers. A summary of the new religion of the coterie around President Hutchins of the University of Chicago jostles the table of contents of a year of the *American Magazine* and the struggle of books on sex for acceptance among those sold by Sears, Roebuck. One hankers for sustained appraisals and the frank taking of sides that prompted a Parrington to blaze away with judgments such as "When a Yankee was driven by brutal fact to admit that he was his brother's keeper, he usually took care to get a few honest pennies out of his brother's board and lodging."

I, for one, would have preferred more selective concentration around main tendencies and broad hypotheses. A case may be made, for instance, for the point that, particularly since the Civil War, our institutional world has been growing more complex for the American citizen at a faster rate than all our agencies of "thought," operating as they do within the constraints of power groups, have been able to render that world understandable and controllable by him. This might mean that we American citizens confront our world today with a net increment of illiteracy as regards our institutional affairs. It is important to try to view the uneven growth of American thought against such possible hypotheses. We need to point boldly to the delayed adolescence of our thinking about democracy, and, on the other hand, to the superb though socially thwarted growth of research in the physical sciences, of which the TNEC monograph on "Economic Power and Political Pressures" says: "To a great extent industry's political formidability can be traced to its dominant position in scientific research." Mr. Curti's book is admirable and timely—so good that it is perhaps captious to add that it provides only indirectly an answer to the anxious question: Where stands American thought as a weapon for the people of democracy?

ROBERT S. LYND

Tennessee Valley Responsibility

TVA: DEMOCRACY ON THE MARCH. By David E. Lilienthal. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

JEFFERSON and the *Federalist* writers were long without literary successors, but crowded bookshelves attest the ability of Mr. Roosevelt and his government—Wallace and Welles, Ickes and Biddle, New Deal and war-agency administrators—to explain in print. Far and away the best book by an administrator has now been written by the man with a job that is unique and may prove first in long-range importance; and interior evidence confirms the publishing rumor that David E. Lilienthal literally wrote "TVA: Democracy on the March." That Mr. Lilienthal can write is no surprise to those who know the simple, direct, conversational style in which, for ten years, he has explained TVA to the people of the valley.

Others have described the magnitude of TVA achievement, although none more effectively than Mr. Lilienthal when he says that "thirty-five Boulder or ten Grand Coulee dams could have been built with the total materials required for completion of this valley's dams," or that the concrete poured by TVA would have built more than seven dams the size of the great Dnieprostroy. For the real significance of TVA is in collective size and strength. Not the biggest in themselves, the dams, high and low, big and little, work together; and effective working together, of dams and people, is the good news of this book.

For beautiful coordination on paper has been tested by emergency. The story of TVA reaches a climax with the war, and this is the first book to tell of the transformation of the quiet valley towns into busy centers of war industry. It is the first to tell how, when the floods of 1942 foamed down to threaten war industries that have come to rival in importance those of Pittsburgh, "orders went out from the TVA office of central control to every tributary dam. The message came flashing to the operator in the control room at Hiwassee Dam, deep in the mountains of North Carolina: 'Hold back all the water of the Hiwassee River. Keep it out of the Tennessee.' The operator pressed a button. Steel gates closed. The water of the tributary was held. To Cherokee Dam on the Holston went the message: 'Keep back the flow of the Holston.' To Chickamauga Dam just above the danger spot at Chattanooga: 'Release water to make room for the waters from above'. . . . The Tennessee was kept in hand. There was no destruction, no panic, no interruption of work.

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Most of the water, instead of wrecking the valley, actually produced a benefit in power."

Such sure, integrated action would not be news if TVA floodgates and turbines were operated as the Pontine marshes were drained, for fascism can command. Also power can corrupt, and Mr. Lilienthal notes that even TVA, "if it were politically managed, could become a curse to this valley." The Authority moves in no authoritarian spirit, but in terms of responsibility and accountability, explaining each step and asking, not grudging consent, but popular understanding and support. The dams are multi-purpose, built for flood control and navigation, for better land use and for power. But TVA operates to further the common purpose of the people of the valley. In return the people are working with TVA management, and in a region of feudal enmities well described as the Balkans of this continent, they are working together.

As head of TVA Mr. Lilienthal well knows the effort necessary to smooth out differences between the Authority's own experts, between federal, state, and local agencies, and between labor and business interests. But as a Jeffersonian thinker he rightly sees as most important the functioning of community groups which bring together a half-dozen or a few score farmers to demonstrate better methods of farming and living. Jefferson's unit of government was not state or nation, district or county, but the ward—a radius no wider than a schoolboy's legs could trudge. Today our nearest approach to the Jeffersonian plan is in the grass-roots "area demonstrations" in the valley.

Mr. Lilienthal notes that TVA's self-effacement in fostering local action has lost the Authority some credit to which it was entitled; and it may be true that had this book boasted of TVA's war-time achievements—aluminum for so many planes, so much smokeless powder and dehydrated foods—it might mean more to those who ask only to win the war on a physical level. But Mr. Lilienthal has chosen to write a more important book, about hard human problems. He stresses method, means as well as end; he says truly that "the physical job will be done. If not democratically, it will be done in an anti-democratic way. It will be done perhaps by a small group of huge private corporations, controlling the country's resources; or by a tight clique of politicians; or by some other group or alliance of groups that is ready to take this responsibility."

And now that even the *Saturday Evening Post* approves TVA's war-time efficiency, wouldn't it seem time to end the fight against it? Instead, the battle goes on. Immediately before publication of this book Mr. Lilienthal as chairman of the TVA directors signed a warning that under the McKellar amendments pending, and since passed by the Senate, "TVA, as it has been constituted, would cease to exist."

Congress may so act. Such is the McKellar hold on jobs in Tennessee that a carpenter going to work on a county school had to carry, along with his union card, a thumb-marked letter to prove his support of the Senator. It was too much to expect that McKellar would tolerate TVA's war-time employment of some 40,000 workers hired by examination, not patronage. The House may be wiser; Mr. Lilienthal notes that "it is now 'good politics' for political leaders themselves, in the Tennessee Valley, to urge that politics be kept out of TVA." But House leaders include Martin Dies, who sat up nights listening to seditious Crusaders in his efforts to get something on TVA, and John Rankin, who complains that Pickwick Dam wasn't named in his honor.

Congress in its present mood could, conceivably, override a veto to wreck TVA. But Mr. Lilienthal's book produces such calm confidence in human progress as to suggest that even so the work of the Authority would go on. If the people are so betrayed by their representatives, then surely they will rise and deal with those representatives as they deserve; else democracy in this country is already defeated and dead.

WILLSON WHITMAN

History and Fact

A SHORT HISTORY OF FRANCE. By Sir John A. R. Marriott. Oxford University Press. $2.75.

IF STANDING among historians went by seniority, as in the committees of our Senate, Sir John Marriott would rank very high, for he is a veritable Nestor among the nurslings of Clio (this is a bit of Oxonian dialect). But he is considerably older than his years. He is as old as Polonius. He is so consistent in conventionality that he might deserve the ancient phrase: "Funny without being vulgar."

Unfortunately, history is not fun. It deals with facts. And Sir John handles his facts with lofty indifference to sequence or accuracy. My list of corrigenda would form a substantial addendum. He was bombed out of his library. We condole but cannot condone. Surely Macaulay's school-

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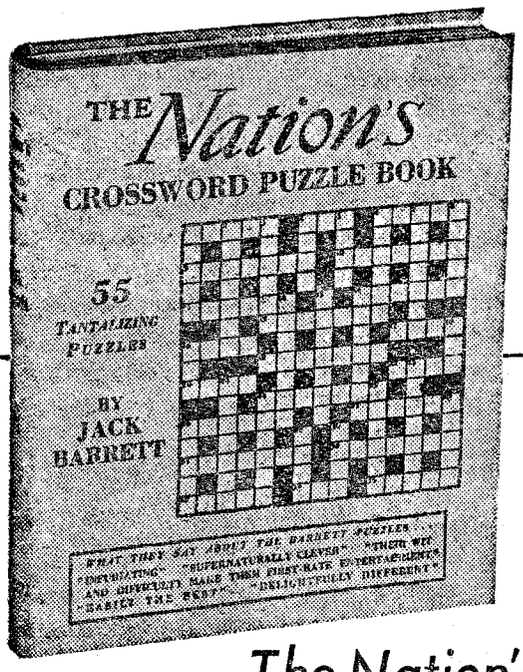

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boy must have left legitimate heirs in the city of York; and it would have been wise to consult them.

The jacket and the introduction to the American edition promise us a comparative study of political institutions in the two countries. This would have been of capital interest. In actual fact, this is practically limited to half a page which tells us that the old French *Parlements* did not correspond to the English Parliament. This contribution to knowledge is not cheap at $2.75.

The following, however, might be well worth the full price: "M. Blum probably interpreted aright the sentiment of most Frenchmen in basing his foreign policy upon firm alliance with England. But alliance with England meant non-intervention in Spain. . . . England, moreover, had no wish to become involved in the French commitments to the Little Entente, still less to the Franco-Soviet alliance. France, anxious to retain English friendship, might have been willing to cut herself free from her eastern commitments, but only in exchange for a firm military alliance with England. Hence a vicious circle in French diplomacy." The circle in British diplomacy was not very virtuous either.

England had won her "masterly game": France had no choice but to follow English leadership. The quality of that leadership comes out pretty clearly in Sir John's summary. I can hardly imagine the French placing themselves under such "trusteeship" again.

ALBERT GUERARD

Cartoons Old and New

CARTOON CAVALCADE. Edited by Thomas Craven. Simon and Schuster. $3.95.

IF THE comic may be defined in part as the recognition of the grotesque clash between personal desire and social restraint, then the change in the American humorous cartoon during the past half-century may be said to be in the degree of awareness of our inhibitions. That increasing awareness, so richly illustrated in Mr. Craven's anthology, is graphically reflected in the change from impersonal to personal comic symbols. The exuberance of the old cartoon has yielded to the nervousness belonging to that uneasy stage when sophistication has moved in on the mind but has not yet succeeded in establishing a *modus vivendi* with the finicky emotions.

Think of the early comic strips: Opper's Happy Hooligan, Alphonse and Gaston, Getting Square with Maud; or the Katzenjammers, Foxy Grandpa, Nervy Nat, Mutt and Jeff. The characters are comic types—brats, hobos, rustics, or immigrants—whose freedom from conventions was both ridiculed and envied, and about whom just enough was known to assure a feeling of good-humored superiority. These types were human only in their actions, which were exaggerated by every possible means—gesture, facial expression, explosive movement, and economy of line. Most significant of all, they exhibited the violent operation of a comic justice, which meted out rewards and punishments according to laws that were a travesty of social laws, as well as an ironic comment on their futility.

The old cartoons delineate the last great period of tremendous physical activity. The required comic release, therefore, had to be as active, direct, and generic as the external

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forces which drowned out individual characterization by keeping personal emotion submerged. Emotion was expelled by physical activity. It is no mere accident that the comic symbol which, more than any other, expressed the superabundant energy and impersonal vigor of the times was the swift kick.

In the early twenties the comic balloon burst. The practical joke became a symptom of weak-minded boorishness. The modern version of the old kick-in-the-pants symbol would be the timid, dreary nonentity—only idiots and superannuated fools are given the stature of an adult in modern cartoons—who wants to kick but can't, because it's undignified and because he is not convinced of the sufficiency of his reasons or of the sureness of his aim. He has qualms. "You wait here," says the timid man in Thurber's cartoon to the woman seated expectantly in the hotel lobby, "and I'll bring the etchings down."

The founding of the *New Yorker* in 1925 may be taken as the formal debut of the new cartoon. It was designed for the needs of a special audience, members of the literate middle class. Theirs is the historically classic position of insecurity, for their personal insecurity derives from their financial security. The financially insecure are far more likely to expend their energies in accommodating themselves to their environment; the financially secure spend their energies on themselves, making the chasm between the ego and the environment—as between boredom and amusement—ever more and more consciously wide. They can afford to laugh at themselves, and they must. Nothing is more ridiculous than ignorance of one's inhibitions. Consequently, from the depths of their sensitive insecurity, like a *diable au corps,* rises the nervous laugh, exposing the subterfuges of self-deception and self-depreciation. Having laughed itself away, the flattered ego relaxes, released from all immediate necessity for action.

The new cartoon, unlike the old, depends largely on psychological situation and relies much more heavily on verbal humor. Only the best of them—those by Arno, Thurber, Price, and Wortman in particular—are more than illustrations of wisecracks. The old physical humor, verbal as well as graphic, has been socially ostracized; it is as dead as a doornail. Even the radio, where most dead humor is publicly buried, has found it necessary to personalize the old jokes by laughing at them because they are not funny. As for the comic strip, with the usual anachronistic exceptions it has been animated away. The current adventure and narrative strips are not comic. Popular humor in general, in the sense that the old comic strips had a universal appeal and the *New Yorker* cartoons have not, no longer exists.

Look at the pictures in this book and let Mr. Craven's text go. It's slick and sloppy. For the purposes of this book, at any rate, he is against "highbrow" culture, and against modern artists, who, he says, are futile and must always "adjust" themselves. He is in favor of cartoonists. "The only adjustment they had to make was to pay more taxes as their incomes mounted to the higher brackets." When they—the lucky cartoonists—hear the word artist, "they make as if to burp, seeing how a noble and joyous profession has been degraded by the highbrows." Make as if there were no Craven commentary.

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FILMS

THERE is no reason, after all, why a movie musical should not be as good as any other sort of movie. "Cover Girl" is the first since "Top Hat" which even suggests the possibilities. There is nothing in it that approaches the dance in the jigsawed pavilion in the rain in the old Astaire-Rogers film. Much of "Cover Girl," for that matter, is not as fresh as it may seem; but its second-handedness and its occasional failures cannot obliterate the pleasure of seeing the work of a production company which obviously knows, cares about, and enjoys what it is doing.

The story, of itself, is conventional enough: a Brooklyn nightclub dancer (Rita Hayworth) leaves her boss (Gene Kelly), who loves her, for Broadway and for smoother, richer men (Otto Kruger, Lee Bowman), and ultimately thinks better of it; in period flashbacks her grandmother (Miss Hayworth again) describes a similar trajectory. But scene by scene—with some skids—this story is written with intelligence as well as wit and is acted sincerely and with a deft evocation of background, trade, character, and various true-to-life implications which are not verbally permissible in a Hollywood script. As a result, most of the Kelly-Hayworth-Bowman triangulations carry an interest and an emotional weight which are rare enough in straight dramatic films, to say nothing of musicals. In general, the songs and dances, besides being quite good as numbers, intensify the characterizations: Kelly, in fact, does his best acting in the course of singing two versions of "Put Me to the Test"; his nightclub and the observant charm of the best of the show are put exactly in their idealized-realistic key by the eight-girl chorus which—with a finely exhilarating bang—starts the picture. Most of the costumes are the most shrewdly pretty I have seen for a long time; many of the sets and colors are as good as those in "Heaven Can Wait." The color still goes manic occasionally—one moment the flesh of the chorus-girls is almost as happy-looking as if Renoir had been technical adviser, the next it looks as if the girls had just skipped out of a blood-bath. But there are some appreciative shades of brick, pavement, and blind glass in the night streets which for the first time, so far as I know, begin to colonize the proper potential universe of color in films.

In a show so surprisingly full of achievement the failures set one's teeth all the more on edge. The period flashbacks slacken the picture and, within themselves, clash two periods forty years apart. The one big production number is just about like any average thing of its kind. Some of the Brooklyn sets are too cute and air-conditioned to support the relatively genuine characterizations or to help achieve the moods which are tried for. Some of the tunes and incidental music are pseudo-nacreous, routine Jerome Kern; some of the lyrics are Roget's-Thesauric, routine Ira Gershwin. Several of the dances, after establishing uncommonly good emotion, plan, and focus, lose everything in a mere dashing around. Even Kelly's most ambitious dance—a double-exposed duet with his conscience, down a late-night street—in spite of some hair-raising moments, wavers between convincing and pumped-up despair. It is further vitiated by lush orchestration, after a very exciting start on bare-boned piano to which, I suggest, only the driest sort of drumming should have been added.

There are plenty of other letdowns. Yet "Cover Girl" would be worth seeing if only for Rita Hayworth at her prettiest (at certain other moments she looks as if she were daring you to stick your head in her mouth) or, still more important, Gene Kelly. Kelly is limited and is capable of failure, as he occasionally proves here. But I can think of no one in Hollywood, just now, who is more satisfying or more hopeful to watch for singing, dancing, or straight acting.

JAMES AGEE

DRAMA

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S use of plot in "The House in Paris"—I am speaking of the book—resembles that of E. M. Forster. She employs melodramatic, often arbitrary, events—which are inorganic to the main intention of the book and therefore basically irrelevant. The method has a double advantage: the superficial interest is heightened, yet the unlikelihood of any given event is incapable of destroying the central authenticity of the story. The plot, so to speak, is only the shining track along which the burden of the piece moves forward.

It is easy to see how adapters in search of a play might, at first thought, see in the plot of "The House in Paris" dramatic and even sensational material suited to the uses of the stage. But the perceptive adapter would also see, on second or third thought, that since the plot is functional rather than organic, a three-act précis of that plot would have very little to do with the essential content of Miss Bowen's book—which is made up of atmosphere, background, characterization, and clashes of will on a level just below the surface of full consciousness or crude expression.

Messrs. Green and Feilbert, who made the adaptation which just ended a brief run on Broadway, didn't get as far as the second thought. They devised a three-act synopsis of the plot which, as a likeness of the book, reminded me of those silhouettes cut while you wait out of very black paper.

Bad casting in two crucial parts accounted for further distortion and reduction. The child Leopold—"He had a nervous manner. . . . She saw a dark-eyed, very slight little boy who looked either French or Jewish"—was played by a blond cherub. Michael Ingram, cast in the part of Max Ebhart, the child's father, is dark and slim, but the intense smoldering quality of the Max of the book was missing. "Intellect, feeling, force were written all over him; he did in fact cut ice." His impersonator did not cut ice, and gave

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the impression not of frustrated strength but of disappointed weakness.

Ludmilla Pitoeff made her first American appearance as the ambitious Mme Fischer. Miss Pitoeff is a highly trained actress, she looked the part, and it seems to me that she did as well with it as the play allowed. But whereas in the book Mme Fischer's passion for domination operates in a subtle, complicated fashion, in the play the character was oversimplified and her machinations vulgarized.

Speaking of the physical appearance of actors in relation to the parts they play, that of Oscar Karlweis as Jacobowsky is so beautifully right that I find myself wondering where the accidental element of appearance ends and the deliberate art of acting, and even of make-up, begins. One has the feeling that Mr. Karlweis has never played any other part, that his adventure with the colonel is merely the most recent of a long series of tragi-comic adventures as the eternal refugee. He has no more edges than a rolling stone. He looks and acts as if he had been "trained down" by a lifetime of such adventures and as if it was this experience that had produced the unaggressive voice and manner, the patient sufferance of fools, the wry wit, and the economy and suppleness of movement that make his performance so fine. Yet in the quite different part of the prince in "Rosalinda" he was just as convincing.

Broadway producers had better have a conference, I think, on the kind of lingo to be spoken in plays peopled by inhabitants of Europe. In "Thank You, Svoboda" everyone presumably spoke Czech; yet Svoboda went on in a lingo devoid of articles that sounded like the broken English of an immigrant. The rest of the cast spoke ordinary English. "Jacobowsky and the Colonel" is set in France. The two principals are Poles. Jacobowsky speaks perfectly good English, which is the equivalent of perfectly good French. The Colonel, though he isn't as bright as Jacobowsky and has led a more sheltered life, might also be presumed to speak perfectly good French and, therefore, in this play, perfectly good English. In any case he would hardly speak the way he does. His language might correspond to the broken French of an uncultivated Pole, but hardly to that of a member of an aristocracy which, unless I am mistaken, learns French as a matter of course. Annabella, who is supposed to be a

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Frenchwoman in a play set in France, also speaks with a thick accent; and surely it isn't because she can't learn to speak the lines of a play in passable English. I suspect that the accent was encouraged. I suspect it because it would be of a piece with the decision to cast her in the part in the first place. Only the fact that she is a "name" can explain that, for she has no other qualifications. Her pretty innocuous face can perhaps be manipulated in the minute-by-minute technique of the movies. But a catchy name and a pretty face are not sufficient equipment for a stage actress.

MARGARET MARSHALL

MUSIC

THE late Frederick Stock was a conductor with the ability to get the Chicago Symphony to play as beautifully as you can hear it play in the recent Victor recordings of its performances. As a musician he achieved good results with comparatively modern works; but his recorded performances of older music—Mozart's G minor Symphony, Schubert's C major—showed him to be without the feeling for plastic and rhythmic continuity, proportion, and coherence, and for subtle rhythmic elasticity, that this music requires, and that would have prevented the awkward discontinuities in pace, the rigidities alternating with tasteless rubatos. In the new Victor set (958; $2.50) of the performance of his orchestral version of Bach's great Prelude and Fugue in E flat for organ, then, you can hear the beautiful sound of the Chicago Symphony, recorded with superb richness and spaciousness, though with some lack of clarity because of the reverberant hall; you can hear the Prelude suddenly begin to gallop at measure 71 when the beats are broken up into rapid figuration, and slow down awkwardly when this figuration ends; you can hear the awkward changes of pace for the second and third sections of the triple fugue; and so on.

The set also presents an example of Stock's work as an editor and transcriber of music. The first example that I encountered, many years ago, was his revision of Schumann's Third Symphony. Composers miscalculate in orchestrating; and even the most scrupulous conductor must correct such miscalculations. A great deal has been said about Schumann's inept use of the orchestra—his dulling of what should have been brilliant sonorities, his obscuring of important themes, by poor combinations and faulty balances of instruments. And Stock quoted Theodore Thomas's comment after a performance of the Third Symphony—"Such fine, noble themes, good workmanship, and yet such abominably poor orchestration"—as the impetus for his revision of the work. But actually Stock changed not only the orchestration but the themes and workmanship, adding new counterpoint which, he said, "[grew] out of the material which Schumann originated," inserting "a measure here and there in order to give greater clarity to Schumann's thought," writing a new coda, bringing the chief theme of the first movement in for the conclusion of the last movement, altering rhythms, displacing accents, and in sum doing the sort of thing Rimsky-Korsakov did with Mussorgsky's "Boris Godunov." And the result proved Schumann, like Mussorgsky, to have been the better composer of his own music.

Bach certainly requires no help from Stock with the themes and workmanship of his Prelude and Fugue; but he gets it nevertheless in Stock's transcription of the work for orchestra. In the very first measure of the Prelude there is the first of the many alterations that Stock makes in Bach's rhythms; later Stock tacks on little introductions to the theme that is first stated in measure 32, adds lines of counterpoint, fills out thin contrapuntal textures with chords—all this to make Bach's work conform to his own taste. And you can get an idea of what that taste is from one detail of Stock's scoring: the theme stated in measure 32 of the Prelude is punctuated in the original by a single short pedal-note; and the orchestral equivalent would be a single bowed or plucked note of the string basses; but what Stock puts there is a broken chord of the harp—from which you also can get an idea of what the rest of the scoring is like.

Recently a Chicago reader gave me a description of the orchestration of Schubert's great C major Quintet that Stock completed just before his death. "Not only did he pass the main themes of the movements around among different sections of the orchestra, now violins, now cellos, now woodwinds, now even brasses, until they were enfeebled, dissipated, and deprived of all distinguishing voice . . . but when the finale was eventually reached, it exploded into bursts of percussion, tympani, brasses, bells, and general racket similar to the endings Stock gave to his Bach transcriptions . . ."

The original scores of Schumann's symphony, Bach's fugue, and Schubert's quintet are still available to performers and public; but just as Rimsky-Korsakov contrived to make his revision of Mussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" the only version that we are able to hear to this very day, so the only published score of Griffes's "Pleasure-Dome of Kubla Khan" is one issued in 1929 that incorporates changes in the orchestration made by Stock. Like Rimsky, Stock prefaces his revision with explanatory statements that turn out to be as false as Rimsky's. He performed "Kubla Khan" in January 1920, he says; and meeting Griffes the following autumn at the Pittsfield Chamber Music Festival, he suggested that the orchestration could be improved. "This he readily admitted, and we arranged to meet again in order to go over the score together. The results of this very careful scrutiny are faithfully embodied in this revised version." But Edward T. Maisel, in his biography of Griffes, points out that Griffes was dead in the autumn of 1920, and the conference must have occurred in the autumn of 1919; that Griffes continued to revise the work until he delivered it to Monteux for rehearsals for the first performance in Boston on November 28, 1919, and must have incorporated in it any changes suggested by Stock that he had found acceptable; and that Griffes expressed to a colleague his satisfaction with the sound of the work in Boston: "He told me that during the rehearsals he had never had to change one note. It was produced exactly as he had written it." Mr. Maisel might have gone further. It was not until after the Boston performances, not until a letter written late in December 1919, that Griffes for the first time mentioned Stock's name in connection with "Kubla Khan": "At present Stock has the score and parts, and I believe he intends to produce it sometime this month." This, then, even by Stock's own testimony, was when he first saw the score. But by this time Griffes had collapsed; and there was no time after that when Stock could have told him what he had found that could be improved. In other words, there was no conference and agreement with Griffes on the changes which Stock published nine years later; and Stock's action was like that of Rimsky-Korsakov who made after Mussorgsky's death the changes that Mussorgsky had rejected when alive.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Forget Politics—Open the Doors of Palestine!

The long shadow of death has reached out to touch the last scenes of Jewish survival. The Germans have occupied Hungary and also, it seems, Rumania and Bulgaria. Close to 2,000,000 Jews had escaped to comparative safety in these countries. They could have reached permanent safety if they had been admitted on time into territories under United Nations' control.

Politics vs. Human Lives

But ruthless indifference, and even hostility on the part of some governments of the United Nations, stood in the way of mercy and humanity. Palestine, closest, most practical haven, which could be reached directly from the Balkans by railroad or bus, was shut in the faces of those Jews who escaped. Many who managed to reach the shores of the Promised Land were driven back to die upon the high seas; others were sent to living death on the Island of Mauritius.

This inhuman policy is sanctioned law in Palestine, due to the White Paper. Six hundred thousand Jews of that country, who have direct and blood relatives in occupied Europe, are powerless to do anything for their kin. If news of the real facts were to reach the British people, they would abhor the tactics of their Colonial Office.

Lest It Be Too Late!

The American Government, with the creation of the War Refugee Board, opened a bridgehead of a new front against massacre. It must hold this bridgehead, and enlarge it by swift action.

But this complex problem of rescuing the Jewish people of Europe cannot and should not be the exclusive task of one Government alone. Other governments must cooperate as some are already doing.

We hope that victorious Russia, which already has done so much in saving almost a million Jews, evacuating them deep into her territory, will pursue her same policy of mercy and will also take it upon herself to give a like official warning to the Germans and her satellites.

We hope that representations are already being made—or will be made soon—to the Turkish Government to let all Jews who escape from the Balkans pass through its territory on the way to Palestine, or to any other territory under United Nations' control.

The Doors of Palestine Must Be Opened

The most urgent task, however, is to use the good offices of the American Government in order to impress the British Government to immediately declare the doors of Palestine open to as many escaping Jews as may reach her shores.

This has to be done in complete independence of the political issues involved. The demand of this Committee has nothing to do with post-war Palestine. It has nothing to do with Zionist demand of a Jewish Commonwealth. It is an outcry to help people in their deepest agony and direst danger of their lives. If such danger were to strike any people close to the United States, let us say in South America, we would certainly demand that these people be admitted, at least temporarily, into this country. But the only large-scale channel of escape for the Jews of Europe is through Turkey to Palestine. This channel should not be locked.

To ask admission for these Jews in order to save their lives is not politics. To keep the doors of Palestine locked is politics—vicious politics. The hour is very late, and the night very dark indeed, for the remnants of the Jewish people of Europe. Great Britain, which has given the world the Magna Charta, the blueprint of liberty, can no longer block the way of rescue for the people who gave the world the Bible.

Emergency Committee to Save the Jewish People of Europe

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WON'T YOU HELP?

You can do your part, too, to carry out our tremendous plan of activities. You can help us mobilize public opinion from coast to coast. You can help us keep alive our headquarters in Washington, London, Palestine and Turkey to continue our work for a people in deepest agony and despair.

We operate solely through voluntary contributions. By your support will be determined the speed, scope and effectiveness of our fight to save the Jewish people of Europe.

EMERGENCY COMMITTEE TO SAVE THE JEWISH PEOPLE OF EUROPE
1 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

I enclose my contribution to enable you to carry out your tremendous task in the sum of $.....

Name.....

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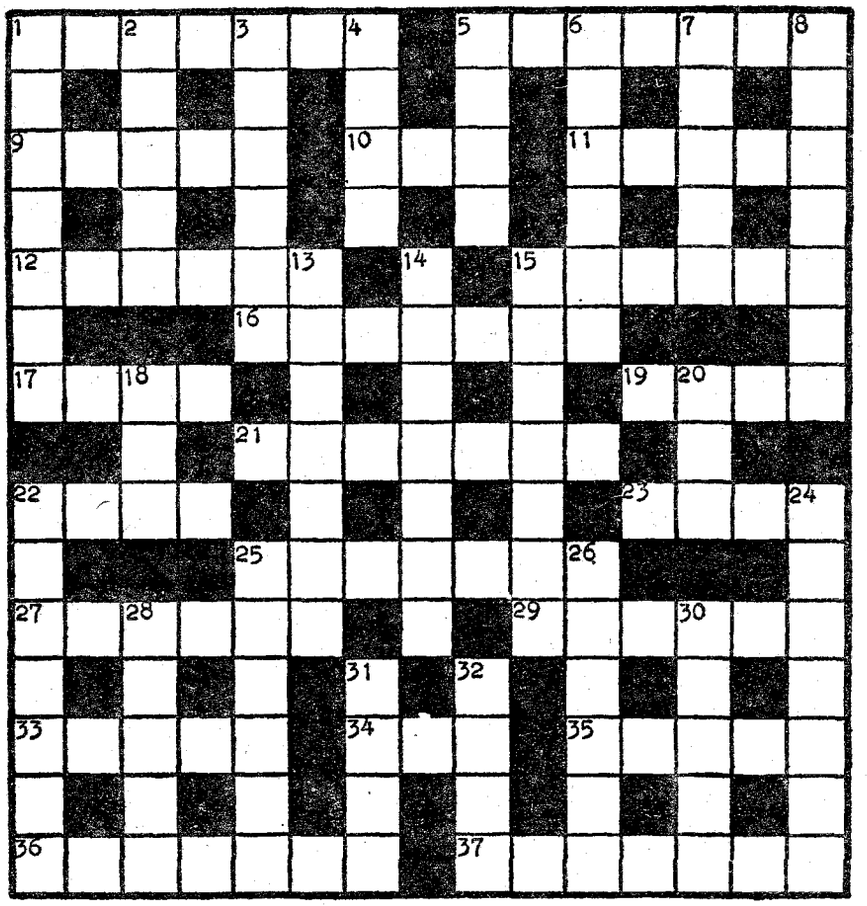
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 59

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Just like a man! (hyphen, 3 and 4)
5 A much-married gentleman (1033-975 B.C.)
9 Not Mr. White's first name
10 Affords one an opening
11 Medicine balls, but not for the physical culturist
12 Not every question deserves one
15 Is it the ozone in it that makes it so bracing? (two words, 3 and 3)
16 Peculiar speech: &c., perhaps on the automatic telephone
17 They never stop growing, these organs
19 Land of white elephants
21 "Turning, for them who pass, the common dust
Of ------- opportunity to gold" (Wordsworth)
22 May be something you did not know previously
23 Drawback?
25 Tennis term, not the fisherman's lament (two words, 3 and 4)
27 Cabaret singer paid in kind?
29 Stone jug with bad contents
33 6 + 6 + 500. That's clear
34 Accompaniment of a cry for a color
35 Part of Italy in which the air raid precautions are muddled
36 Artists' models
37 Menial who should not be menial

DOWN

1 Half a mind to put some money on, but that would be wrong
2 Titles are gained by a variety of means
3 Ride on (anag.)
4 Sort of food to appeal to poachers?
5 Puss makes her meal
6 Small lap—with a pet on it, of course
7 This singer was a peach in her day
8 Is it the alcohol in it that makes a patent medicine so popular?
13 A noisy workman
14 An epithet for imitation, but mostly profuse
15 The bivalve for all cops
18 Out of drawing
20 A Gilbert and Sullivan Princess
22 They feel quite at home in their beds
24 The better his business, the more he looks down in the mouth
25 Fancy *putting* one in a haystack!
26 You can follow the flight of this bullet
28 Not a domestic cat
30 An ape is out of a cuttle-fish
31 Just so!
32 Observes either way

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 58

ACROSS:—1 EXALTED; 5 INSIPID; 9 CATARRH; 10 CARMINE; 11 RAGED; 12 MAN; 13 BLADE; 14 DRAPERY; 16 EVEREST; 18 NUMBERS; 21 PLUMBER; 24 ISSUE; 26 RIP; 27 SHERD; 28 HEATHEN; 29 ROMANIC; 30 REGARDS; 31 STARRED.

DOWN:—1 ENCORED; 2 ANTIGUA; 3 TIRED; 4 DAHOMEY; 5 INCENSE; 6 SHRUB; 7 PRIVATE; 8 DEEPEST; 15 EVE; 17 EMU; 18 NEITHER; 19 MUSTANG; 20 SARONGS; 21 PAPYRUS; 22 BRENNER; 23 REDUCED; 25 ETHER; 27 SIMLA.

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